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America has produced one authority of the first rank on the government of dependencies—Mr. Dean C. Worcester. The Outlook will publish in its next issue an article by Mr. Worcester on the Mexican problem in the light of American experiences in the Philippines. In our judgment, this is a most important and significant contribution to the discussion of a subject of vital, timely, and constantly increasing importance. The article applies to the situation which confronts the United States in Mexico the lessons of governing an undeveloped people which were learned in the Philippines. On this subject no one living may speak from fuller knowledge than Mr. Worcester.
—THE EDITORS.

FACT AND RUMOR

In order to offset the statements made by various business men that business is in a disorganized state, and in order to confirm the view of the Administration that such statements are the result of a conspiracy among great corporations to discredit the Administration's policies, there was recently given out at the White House a number of letters received by the President. The names of the writers of these letters were withheld. The two following letters are typical:

The circular letters you exposed are part of a concerted action by Big Business to defeat the President's trust programme. Small business and the common people want the President to finish what he has started. Business is not dull here, and is better than it has been in years.

It is quite manifest that the cause of the present hard times is almost wholly due to a united action on the part of large corporations of the country, after deliberate conference, to chastise your Administration. No doubt the corporations have mutually agreed to put on the brakes and slow up business in every way possible. This is the way they have of intimidating the people and the Administration. There should be a law that would imprison such conspirators and confiscate their business.

Accompanying these letters there is no evidence, nothing resembling evidence, in support of this view of a gigantic conspiracy. The reason that no such evidence is put forth is unquestionably that no such conspiracy exists. Indeed, one of the President's strongest supporters, the New York "Evening Post," makes this comment upon the second of these letters: "Does the 'White House'—we do not like to say 'does President Wilson'—really think such stuff worth putting forward by way of vindication? Does it really believe that 'the corporations have mutually agreed' to cripple the country's business? And even if it does, can it possibly imagine that anybody who does not accept that view on the authority of 'the White House' will have his disbelief shaken in the slightest by the bald assertion of an unnamed person in St. Paul, unaccompanied by a particle of evidence?"

On the same day there was published a letter from the President to Senator Owen concerning Thomas D. Jones, whom the President had named as a member of the Federal Reserve Board under the new Currency Act. In that letter the President explained Mr. Jones's connection with the International Harvester Company—a connection which had been naturally regarded as an obstacle to Mr. Jones's confirmation in view of what President Wilson had said about that Company—by saying that Mr. Jones owned one share, which he purchased to qualify as a director in order that he might assist in withdrawing the Company "from the control which had led it into the acts and practices which have brought it under the criticism of the law officers of the Government." The President added that in this cause of reform Mr. Jones "has been very effective."

This letter of the President's has drawn from Mr. George W. Perkins, whose connection with the Harvester Company has been well known, a letter resenting the imputation

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conveyed in the President's letter, and declaring that Mr. Jones was suggested as a director by Mr. McCormick, the President of the Company, who is a friend of Mr. Jones, with the concurrence of the other members of the Board; that there was no suggestion that Mr. Jones assist in reforming the Company, but, on the contrary, that he came in by the votes of the very men who were responsible for the Company's organization and management; that there had been no revolution in the conduct of the Company since Mr. Jones had become a director; and that the directors had been a unit in believing that the Company's methods had been not only legal, but honorable and fair.

The next day after the publication of Mr. Perkins's letter there was published a newspaper despatch saying that Mr. Jones himself had telegraphed Senator Owen that he had become a director at the invitation of a number of friends.

The difference between President Wilson and Mr. Perkins in this matter is not a difference of veracity. Mr. Perkins speaks from first-hand knowledge, the President only from information and belief. Mr. Perkins has appealed to Mr. McCormick, to the Board, and to Mr. Jones himself. If he has misstated the facts, it is easy to prove the misstatement. The President has either been misled or is acquainted with facts which may not have been made known. It seems to us his duty either to acknowledge the error or to give his authority.

The man who occupies the Presidency has the trust and respect of the people by virtue of their veneration for the office he holds. The very fact that the country instinctively wants to trust the man who is President makes it all the more incumbent upon him to exercise scrupulous care in every statement he makes. The President cannot be called to account as a private citizen can. There is, therefore, the greater obligation upon the President, whoever he may be, not to accept gossip or rumor in place of fact, and when he makes an accusation, not to do it without investigation and without substantiating it unanswerably.

A GREAT COURT

Among its public servants whom the Nation has been proudest to honor have been its great jurists, and particularly the greatest of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Never has the Supreme Court of the United States more effectively maintained the standards which have made it, in the minds of Americans at any rate, the greatest court in Christendom than to-day.

Last week, on Monday, the United States Supreme Court handed down among its decisions at least four of great importance. One sustained the right of the Inter-State Commerce Commission to issue on its own initiative not merely specific rates but so-called blanket rates to which the railways must conform. This was the decision in the so-called Inter-Mountain Rate Case. Another, confirming the title of transcontinental railways in lands granted by the Government, recognized more clearly than ever before the responsible stewardship of the Executive over the property of the United States by holding that the decision of the Secretary of the Interior with regard to the nature of the lands granted to these railways was final. This was the decision in the California Oil Lands Case. The third decision to which we refer confirmed the constitutionality of the law that makes oil pipe line companies common carriers, and prevents them from evading their responsibilities as common carriers by their practice of requiring that oil producers, before they can have their oil transported, must sell it to the carrier. This was the decision in the Oil Pipe Line Case. The fourth decision to which we refer was that which affirmed the validity of title to property acquired by religious orders through the vows of poverty of their members, and drew the distinction between the civil and religious nature of those vows. This was the decision in the case of Father Wirth.

Of these four important decisions it is noteworthy that only that of the Oil Pipe Line Case called forth any dissenting opinion. The other three opinions were unanimous. These decisions thus illustrate not only the industry of the Court, but its coherence. There was a time when important decisions of the Court were frequently impaired by a close division among its members. When Justices of the Supreme Court not only disagree, but show by their disagreement that they have not even understood one another, and have not come to a common understanding of the principles involved in the case, there is naturally a loss of confidence in the permanence of what the Court is doing. That period appears to have come to an end. Now the Court is working as a unit. Its members seem to understand one another. When

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there is dissent, it is not such as to impair the Court's decision. It is only natural to attribute this new spirit in the Court to the leadership of Chief Justice White.

THE WAR IN MEXICO

It seems as clear as anything ever is clear in the Mexican muddle that the dissension between Carranza and Villa has its basis in the military situation. Villa has no idea of allowing Carranza to interfere in his military operations. In putting General Natera in command of the attack upon Zacatecas without consulting Villa, Carranza enraged the hot-blooded ex-bandit. It is not certain that Villa's protestations that he has no political aspirations are true; but it is certain that he means to fight out the war against Huerta and gain the glory of success, if success comes. Natera was foolish enough to attack Zacatecas in force without Villa's co-operation, and met a decided reverse, which did not improve the feeling between Villa and Carranza. That Villa's agents and military subordinates have acted with a high hand at Juarez in removing Carranza's subordinates continued to be asserted last week; but there seems to have been patched up some kind of a temporary agreement between them.

Zacatecas is four hundred and thirty miles from Mexico City. It is not correct to say that it is the last stronghold between the Constitutionalists and the capital; for at San Luis Potosí the Federals are in force and may withstand the attack by General Gonzales. Even if both places fall, it is quite possible for Huerta to make a strong resistance further south. There is also a probability that his power may be overthrown at the capital itself. On June 25 what claims to be an official despatch asserts that Villa captured Zacatecas on June 23.

The mediation situation at Niagara Falls and in Washington remains complex and confused. The protocol agreed to by all parties and made public June 25 does not give a solution of the problem. We print this week a letter from Washington by our staff correspondent, Mr. Gregory Mason.

THE NICARAGUAN TREATY

The Nicaraguan Treaty is now before the United States Senate. It should be approved.

It provides that Nicaragua shall not impair its independence by compact with any foreign power, or allow any such power to obtain military control; that Nicaragua shall not contract debts without providing that the country's revenues shall provide adequate interest and ultimate payment; that the United States shall pay to Nicaragua three million dollars and receive the exclusive rights to build an interoceanic canal across the country and to have a naval base on the Pacific side; finally, that the United States may intervene "for the preservation of Nicaraguan independence and the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty."

The above propositions indicate that the treaty would place Nicaragua in about the same relations with the United States as is Cuba, the privileges as to possible intervention and control being those insisted upon with Cuba through the famous Platt Amendment. It may be added, with regard to Cuba, that the American people have not attempted to make anything out of this advantage any more than out of Porto Rico or the Philippines. The spirit animating the proposed treaty is precisely the spirit which animated the Platt Amendment—a spirit free either from land covetousness or from political ambition.

The treaty, however, is meeting with opposition because of the suspicions of certain Senators concerning the relations of American bankers with Nicaragua. A resolution has been introduced into the Senate, the preamble of which makes a number of positive statements. Every one of these, so far as it relates to the bankers involved, deserves reply. The principal statement referred to alleged fraudulent dealings in the bonds of the Nicaraguan Republic, which, it was claimed, the bankers had bought at a low price. In rejoinder the bankers state that they never bought any of these bonds at a low price, or at any other price. What they did was to arrange a reduction of the rate of interest on the bonds from six to five per cent, for which service no charge was made.

Another statement had reference to banking monopoly. It is true that these bankers own fifty-one per cent of the Bank of Nicaragua, and have rehabilitated Nicaraguan finance to the benefit of every one.

Another statement declares that the Nicaraguan Railway was sold to the bankers much below its actual value. It is true that the bankers own fifty-one per cent of the shares

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of this railway, the remainder being retained by Nicaraguans; the price paid was above the road's actual value. Neither the bank nor the railway has paid any dividend since the stock was bought, and neither enterprise is at present in a condition to declare dividends. The bankers look to the future enhancement in the value of both properties for any possible profit.

NICARAGUA AND SANTO DOMINGO

The case would appear to be this. The bankers have aided Nicaragua to adjust her foreign debt at a reduced rate of interest. They have assisted Nicaragua in settling her disordered banking and currency systems. They have greatly improved the condition and the operation of the Nicaraguan Railway. Finally, they have aided Nicaragua in entirely transforming the collection of her customs revenues, which have increased in consequence.

We desire to draw special attention to this fact. Over two years ago the Nicaraguan Government asked ours to place its finances on practically the same basis as we placed the finances of Santo Domingo. It will be remembered that, at the Dominican Government's request, we took possession in 1905 of the custom-houses, declaring that in the interests both of the foreign creditors and of the Dominican people we would superintend the collection of the customs. The result has been that, while half of the customs collection goes to satisfy those foreign creditors, the other half, handed back to the Dominican Government, is greater than the whole amount formerly collected by it!

Precisely the same economic conditions existed in Nicaragua. Foreign creditors had long been pressing the depleted Nicaraguan treasury. The only hope seemed to be that our Government would do for Nicaragua what it had done for Santo Domingo. But our Congress was unwilling. The Nicaraguan Government did not wait because of that. It appealed to President Taft personally to indicate the name of some one whom it could employ. Mr. Taft suggested the name of Colonel Clifford D. Ham, who had been in our Philippine service. The Nicaraguan Government eagerly approached him. He consented to go to Managua, their capital, and superintend the collection of customs. He has been there ever since. His latest reports show a wonderful change. What has happened in Santo Domingo under our customs control has now happened in Nicaragua—a stopping of waste, a restoration of credit, and cash in hand for immediate use as well as for the payment of importunate creditors.

If this is overdoing the Big Brother policy, let its opponents make the most of it. For our part we would like to see Colonel Ham supported and his work made easier by the passing of the pending treaty. But it ought to be passed, anyway.

AN EMPTY VICTORY AND A USELESS DEFEAT

The vacillating and inconsistent manner in which the suffrage disturbances in England have been handled has again been made manifest by the action of the Premier in according an interview to a group of women from the East End upon the demand of Sylvia Pankhurst. The promise of the Premier was secured by Miss Pankhurst's threat to starve herself to death upon the steps of the House of Commons. Either such an interview should have been granted long since or not at all. As a result of the interview—from which, by the way, Miss Pankhurst was by agreement excluded—the women accomplished nothing, the Prime Minister offered little or nothing, and the Government suffered still another humiliation at the hands of an uncontrolled hysteric.

The manner in which Miss Pankhurst secured the promise of this interview was quite as typical of English militancy as was the action of the Premier typical of the way the Government has handled the whole situation. Released from Holloway Jail after her eighth successive hunger strike, Miss Pankhurst drove directly to Westminster. A large force of police were there on duty, but, apparently under instruction, they made no objection when the automobile entered the palace yard under Big Ben. This is the members' private entrance, and has always been forbidden ground to militants. Crowds began to assemble, and the police were reinforced. Finally Mr. Keir Hardie emerged from the House bareheaded and talked with Miss Pankhurst. Then, with the Chief of Police, the Labor member made three journeys between the House and the car in which Miss Pankhurst reclined, obviously acting as a go-between in the negotiations between the militant leader and the Premier. Seemingly his efforts at a compromise were a failure, for after the third

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conference Miss Pankhurst was taken to the public entrance of the House of Commons. Women carefully arranged cushions on the steps and lifted Miss Pankhurst out of the machine. For ten minutes she remained there unmolested and then Mr. Lansbury appeared with word that the Premier, Mr. Asquith, had capitulated to her demands.

GREECE AND TURKEY

Mr. Vouros, the efficient Chargé d'Affaires of the Greek Legation at Washington, states that the motive of Turkey's proceedings against the Greeks in Asia Minor has been to make room in Turkey for the Mussulmans who emigrated from the territory ceded to the Balkan allies, for these Mohammedans refuse to live under any government and religion but their own. Wishing to continue under Turkish rule, the Mussulmans retired into Turkey proper, and the Turkish Government quartered these emigrants in the Greeks' homes, and even gave the Mussulmans the right to be supported at the expense of the Greeks. When the Greeks resisted, adds Mr. Vouros, they were persecuted and driven out of their homes, and finally compelled to flee the country. The outcome has been that the Turks, at first uninvited guests, have become the owners, literally by force, of the property of the former inhabitants of the land.

Mr. Vouros spurns the statement that the Greek Government, in an attempt to lure to Macedonia the Greeks that are in Turkey, has spread mendacious reports so as to frighten them and compel them to make this exodus. He points out that neither as an economic proposition nor as a patriotic undertaking could the Greek Government wish to bring into its borders those who are poverty-stricken, without the means of beginning life anew, and in such a situation as to be liabilities instead of assets.

As The Outlook has already chronicled, our House of Representatives declined to approve the Naval Appropriation Bill as passed by the Senate because of the provision to sell the old battle-ships Idaho and Mississippi to a foreign Power and to build a new ship or ships with the proceeds. President Wilson then made it known that he had approved the recommendation for the sale, believing that the acquirement of the fighting vessels by Greece would really encourage peace because, presumably, Turkey would be less inclined to go to war were the Greek navy to be strengthened. By the exertion of Presidential influence, the House has now reconsidered its position and, by a vote of 174 to 87, reversed itself. The sale of the battle-ships has thus been authorized. This, we understand, assures the building of at least three battle-ships instead of two for this year's programme, thereby assuring a nearer approach to the four battle-ships recommended by the Navy General Board, headed by Admiral Dewey.

THE NEW CARDINALS

On another page there is a picture of a consistory. With the thirteen new Roman Catholic Cardinals created at the recent consistory the Sacred College now consists of sixty-six members—thirty-three Italians and thirty-three foreigners. This exact division is, we believe, unprecedented.

In 1580 the number of Cardinals was definitely fixed by Sixtus V at seventy, but the Sacred College, with one exception, has never reached its full number.

Since the Papal Court returned to Rome from Avignon as a residence, when the majority of Cardinals were French, the number of Italian Cardinals has always exceeded that of foreigners. Hence this is the first time in more than five hundred years when the foreign Cardinals were not in a minority.

The significant thing about the new situation is that the possibility of the election of a foreign Pope has greatly increased. Now that only half of all the Cardinals are Italians, it ought to be easy for a foreign candidate to secure two-thirds of the total number of votes. Formerly the votes of the Italian Cardinals summed together amounted to nearly the required two-thirds, whereas now, even if all the Italians voted in favor of one candidate, his election could be possible only provided eleven of the thirty-three foreigners joined the Italians. For the same reason only eleven Italian votes would be necessary for the election of a foreign Pope.

The present change in the composition of the Sacred College, therefore, indicates Pius X's wish that foreign Cardinals should no longer be precluded from becoming Popes.

It may be true that Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State and a Spaniard, influenced the Pope to increase the number of foreign Cardinals to assure his own succession to the Chair of St. Peter.

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This report lacks weight, however, when we consider that, of the eight new non-Italian Cardinals, six were entitled to the red hat and their creation was inevitable.

The remaining two, Monsignor Begin, Archbishop of Quebec, and Abbot Gasquet, President of the Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate, were likewise, in a way, entitled to the red hat. The former succeeded the first Canadian Cardinal, Taschereau, while the latter certainly deserved promotion for his work on Bible revision.

THE CHINESE CONSTITUTION

The text of the new Chinese Constitution has now reached this country.

Two years ago, at Nanking, the Revolutionists drafted a provisional Constitution. When the Parliament met at Peking, it undertook the work of drafting a permanent Constitution. It did so, not only without seeking President Yuan Shi-kai's assistance, but in opposition to his well-known views. The committee chosen to do the work would not receive any message from him, and also refused to admit his personal agents into its conferences.

Thereupon the President took matters into his own hands. He issued a mandate dissolving the Kuomingtang, the extreme radical party, declaring it to be a seditious party because it had created a rebellion which had devastated some of the Yangtse and southern provinces. As a result, the Parliament ceased to operate, because there were not enough members left to make a quorum.

The President then dissolved Parliament and appointed a committee to revise the provisional Constitution. The new Constitution is the result.

As was expected, its most striking feature lies in the practically dictatorial powers given to the President.

First, he is to have practically supreme power over the executive branch of the Government. He himself is to appoint, not subject to legislative control, all civil and military officers. Furthermore, he has the power to dismiss all officials except judges.

Second, he has also large power over the Legislature, for he holds a practically absolute veto over the action of that body. Moreover, in times of urgency, when the Legislature cannot be called together, he is to have the power to issue ordinances to take the place of existing laws. However, when the Legislature meets, these ordinances must be submitted to the Legislature for approval, and, if disapproved, they become void.

The most valued power of any legislature is its power over the purse. Here the Legislature does check the President. To be valid, loans must, according to the Constitution, be made by the Legislature. Legislative action is also necessary for any increase in taxation.

Editorial comment will be found on another page.

A WOMAN AND THE NOBEL PRIZE

A woman of world-wide fame has just passed away, Baroness Bertha von Suttner. She was a Bohemian by birth, the daughter of the famous Count Franz Kinsky, the Austrian field-marshal.

Thrown upon her own resources as a young woman, she resided for a long period in Paris, where she became secretary to Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the Swedish inventor. She was a fervent champion of the brotherhood of nations and of international peace. Doubtless she had great influence on Nobel's proposed work in this direction, through the provision of his will. This, of course, had nothing to do with the bestowal, many years after, on her, of one of the annual Nobel prizes for work in international comity. She had indeed earned this in her later life.

A generation and more ago Countess Kinsky married Baron Arthur Gundaccar von Suttner, who died about a decade ago. Always a facile writer, Baroness von Suttner began to publish numerous memoirs, tales, reminiscences, and books on social science. But not until she produced her "Die Waffen Nieder!" (Lay Down Your Arms!) in 1889 did she really thrill Europe.

This book began to inspire men to hate war. "Martha's Kinder" and Baroness von Suttner's other writings are now largely accomplishing her aim; if a prize for inducing men to love peace had been offered to any one, it would have been appropriate that it should go to her.

THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

The twelfth biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, held in Chicago, was significant for more things than the skill with which it was managed. No Federation meeting heretofore has been so cosmopolitan. China, Japan, India, England,

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Canada, the Philippines, Cuba, Denmark, Sweden, and Australia were all represented. Miss Hie-Ding-Ling, a Chinese delegate, caught the sympathy of her audience and brought home to them the international character of the Convention when she said: "We Chinese women come to you so like birds that for four thousand years lived in cages. We want you to teach us how we better fly, so that we who come out of great darkness know how to do and not fly into danger." The ten days of such a gathering were to the average woman of the fifteen thousand who attended like a continuous educational moving-picture show. The quick, energetic transaction of the business of the day, the concise statement of facts in argument, the general absence of the sounding rhetoric that once characterized club women's speeches was noticeable. One listened in vain for the time-honored locution "we women, the mothers of the race." The leaders in the Convention numbered among them Jane Addams, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Mrs. Pennybacker, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, and Miss Margaret Wilson, the daughter of the President.

The most significant event in the progress of the Convention came when a test vote was made which fundamentally alters the purpose and aim of the Federation. Originally organized as a non-sectarian, non-political body, its purpose was educational and social. For membership in the General Federation it was required that a club's constitution should show "that no sectarian or political test is required, that its purpose is not primarily philanthropic or technical, but that its chief object is literary, artistic, or scientific culture, while the more broadly human interests might be recognized." For twenty years there has been an effort on the part of suffragists to break down the Federation's constitutional bar on political subjects. These attempts have been now crowned with success, for in this last Convention the resolution that "the General Federation of Women's Clubs give the cause of political equality its moral support by recording its belief in the principle of political equality regardless of sex" was decisively carried. Probably not every woman who voted for this resolution realized how fundamental a change this represented for the club movement. If this resolution is sustained by the individual clubs that constitute the Federation, and really represents their vital belief, the club movement in the future will be formed and fashioned along distinctly different lines.

FARM PRODUCTS AND FARM PROBLEMS

The average man-on-the-city-street knows three things about farming. He knows that crop yields are falling off, because of the exhaustive methods of our primitive farmers; he knows that farmers are getting rich while he suffers from the high cost of living; he knows that the solution of these problems is to be found in the back-to-the-land movement (generally for somebody else) and in the promotion of intensive agriculture after the European fashion.

According to a report by Professor Warren, issued from Cornell University, these three precious pieces of knowledge belong largely in the same category with numerous other popular fallacies of equally wide distribution which may be classed under the head of information which is interesting if true. Professor Warren's report is a very readable discussion of these problems from the view-point of facts, not theories.

As to the question of the exhaustion of our soil, Professor Warren points out that the comparisons generally drawn with former crop yields have been very often unfairly made. Statisticians have, in drawing their conclusions, neglected to confine their comparisons to the same regions. New and undeveloped lands thrown in the balance have pulled down the average in a disconcerting fashion. When, however, comparisons are made with the same crops in the same regions over a sufficiently broad range of years, the outlook brightens. For instance, the States east of the Mississippi River, which are grouped in five agricultural divisions, during the past four decades show a very definite increase in the average yield of their six most important crops. During this period the instances of first rank in yield show very clearly the progress of modern agriculture. During the last year of the first decade, ending in 1879, no crop not since exceeded in per acre yield was grown. The last year of the next decade shows three instances of record productions, the next five, and the last nineteen. These statistics are taken from the Census figures. Additional testimony can be found in the annual estimates published by the Bureau of Statistics, available for every year since 1866. Judging from the figures furnished

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by this Bureau, never before have the Eastern States shown such high yields as during the last eight years. In four of these years the crop yield has been better than ever before produced.

Professor Warren does not believe that these figures, however, can be taken simply as a measure of soil fertility. Certainly, he says, it is very unsafe to draw conclusions from crop yields as to whether our soils are running out. The striking increase is due chiefly to the relatively better financial returns which large per acre crop yields now bring. Just as it costs vastly more proportionately to add one knot to the speed of a modern transatlantic liner than perhaps to double the speed of a boat capable of making ten miles an hour, so the modern farmer, though he is in possession of many methods of increasing his crop yield, will not take the necessary steps unless he is assured of a just return for his greatly increased expenditure for labor and equipment.

THE PRICE OF FOOD

When we talk of the high price of farm products to-day, we are comparing them with the excessively low prices of the eighties and nineties. When we consider a longer period, we find that prices are no higher to-day than the average price for the past seventy-three years. It will be remembered that at one time during the last period of great depression, the farmers of Nebraska burned corn because it was cheaper than coal. It was no wonder, then, says Professor Warren, that our exports were large nor that our young men drifted to cities by the thousands because farming did not pay. Even to-day the average farmer is just making interest on his capital invested and gets but farm laborers' wages in return for his time.

It is not to the farmer that we can look for any great reduction in the cost of food. From one-half to two-thirds of the money paid by the consumer never reaches the producers' pockets. Most of this difference is consumed by our cumbersome machinery of distribution. Not only will some of the present middlemen be ultimately forced to seek other occupations, but, so Professor Warren thinks, our city housekeeper will have to learn that when she telephones for a quart of potatoes what she pays for is not potatoes, but the cost of delivery and bookkeeping. While Professor Warren may be right in thinking that the first step in reducing the cost of living is to buy more than one quart of potatoes at a time, he may be reminded that a still earlier step must be taken—namely, to provide the city housekeeper with a place to keep the potatoes when bought.

As to the popular opinion that the size of our farms should be reduced and that they should be more intensively worked, it can be pointed out that while under the European system the yield per acre is greater, the yield per laborer is very much less. As labor, particularly in this country, constitutes the chief cost item in farm production, efforts to decrease the cost of food must be made along the lines which have been followed in modern manufacturing industries. Farms must be of such a size that they can be economically worked by modern machinery rather than reduced to such a size that they can be made to produce the greatest possible yield per acre. The cheap labor demanded by the most intensive system of farming means a lowering of the standards of living not to be asked for or tolerated.

The small farmer consumes a larger proportion of what he produces than the big farmer, just as the old-time shoemaker consumed proportionately more of the product of his labor than the modern factory operative. What interests the consumer in the city is not the bulk sum of what is produced on the farm, but the surplus which is left for his own use after the needs of rural districts have been provided for.

YALE AND HARVARD ON THE THAMES

After six lean years, which escaped being stretched into the Biblical seven by a margin of some three feet and a fifth of a second, Yale rowed to a dramatic victory upon the Thames at New London. The return of Yale to the position of a vital factor in the New London races is a thing in which even the most rabid partisan of the Crimson may rejoice. For the good of the sport there has been too long a period when the scene at New London was little more than a gorgeous pageant of ships and a long-drawn-out tandem of shells.

The race itself was perhaps the most interesting that has ever been rowed between Harvard and Yale. Certainly the margin of victory was narrower than any which has been recorded. Yale took the lead at the start, and held it by a varying margin which never greatly exceeded a boat's length until the beginning of the third mile. There Har-

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vard drew even and held the lead until just before the crossing of the line. Sixty yards from the finish Yale was a quarter of a length back. Twenty yards from the line the shells were on even terms. The scant but adequate margin by which Yale rowed to victory was achieved within this brief space.

The break in Harvard's long-continued run of victories makes it probable that for some time neither college will have an opportunity of breaking the record shared in common by Harvard and Yale of having defeated its opponent six times running.

SPORTSMEN ON THE WATER

It has not been many years past since college rowing meant merely a galley-slave ordeal through the winter and spring, culminating in a mysterious period on the Thames or the Hudson and one race. The element of sportsmanship was present, but not obviously in public view. Excessive and unsportsmanlike secrecy was particularly the case at New London. There were so many boats at Poughkeepsie that the crews had to be seen were they to train at all. It was then thought out of the question for a university eight to row in other than "the big race." To do so might give some one a "line" on their speed. The process smacked of professional horse-racing. It was all very different this year. The crews raced whenever they might and without detracting from the interest of the final contest. Harvard rowed the Naval Academy and Cornell, her second crew rowed in races in the American regatta at Philadelphia, Yale faced both Cornell and Princeton, Pennsylvania rowed the Naval Cadets and both Princeton and Columbia on Lake Carnegie. The Western Universities of Wisconsin and Washington have both had races in their own territory, but obviously neither could come East until the close of the collegiate year. Before this number of The Outlook reaches the reader these two universities will have taken part, together with Cornell, Syracuse, Pennsylvania, and Columbia, in the great intercollegiate race at Poughkeepsie. The addition of Western universities to this Eastern regatta has made it a truly National event. New London, with its fleet of yachts, its narrower ribbon of water, and its greater crowds, is a better spectacle, but at least for some years has been a poorer sporting event. A few more finishes, however, like that of this year's race would more than compensate for the fact that the New London race is a duel rather than an intercollegiate meet.

This change in spirit means that rowing in general is really coming to be a sport and not merely a desperate ordeal. As an indication of this change it may be noted that during the Princeton-Columbia-Pennsylvania race the three crews lived in the same house together in good fellowship, yet had they been deadly enemies they could not have rowed harder. Last year we recorded a similar instance on the occasion of the Princeton and Pennsylvania crews' visit to Harvard. In the past the social relations of competing crews have been limited to a frigid formal call of just so many minutes. Etiquette demanded an attitude of *ennui* which would have been funny in another situation, but was deplorable because it meant that the boys had an untrue notion of their position. The pose was not really undergraduate, but prescribed by graduates who had never grown up. The graduate who never reaches the stature of a man is behind most intercollegiate silliness. The present better feeling has been brought about largely by members of the American Rowing Association. In their official capacities as stewards and by the influence of their personalities they managed at first to have the second crews of the colleges enter in what has been called the "American Henley" at Philadelphia. Then the early season interuniversity races followed in natural course. The undergraduates did not need stimulation, the graduates needed education; and they have received it. It would now be impossible to go back to the old "one race a year."

THE PAGEANT AND MASQUE OF ST. LOUIS

In a great natural theater on Art Hill, Forest Park, St. Louis has celebrated the notable history which underlies the development of that community. Perhaps no city in this country has played a more interesting and continuous part in the drama of our National existence than this cosmopolitan city of the Middle West. About it centered the exploration and development of the Mississippi Valley. From it went explorers to the West and Northwest. It was the focal point at which converged some of the tensest political situations of Civil War time.

The pageant and masque of St. Louis was a civic effort intended not only for the celebration of a particular occasion, but also as

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a starting-point for the creation of the truest and best kind of civic spirit. The pageant itself, staged and directed by Thomas Wood Stevens, presented a series of episodes in the history of the region about St. Louis. It began in prehistoric times with the life of the mound-builders and the expeditions of the early explorers before the actual founding of the city. The first period of the pageant ended just before the coming of Pierre Laclede; the second, with the coming of Daniel Boone and the early American settlers; and the third, with the stirring incidents of Civil War time.

The masque which followed after nightfall was a symbolic interpretation of the events shown during the progress of the great pageant. The book of the masque was written by Percy MacKaye, and the music by Frederick S. Converse. The masque was staged by Joseph Lindon Smith.

Judging a masque by the book is like judging the beauty of an Egyptian queen by the face of her dried mummy. Mr. MacKaye's work as the poet of the masque, however, is sufficiently vital and imaginative to stand successfully the severe test of reading in cold type. Mr. MacKaye has undertaken a great many tasks within the past few years—too many, perhaps, to be entirely successfully performed. In promise of future development, in largeness of conception, and in realization of the possibilities in the opportunity offered, his masque of St. Louis is one of the best pieces of work that has come from his pen.

CORPORATION SCHOOLS

The second annual Convention of the National Association of Corporation Schools, held in Philadelphia June 9 to 12, at the invitation of the Curtis Publishing Company, brings to the notice of the public an organization which has been working quietly but effectively for the past two years toward the solution of some present-day industrial problems by means of the proper consideration of the human factor in industry.

This Association has passed the experimental stage, although still in process of development. The corporation school is a highly specialized continuation school—under private management, to be sure—but with the same subjects and methods as are used in the public continuation school. The health of the employee is the first consideration of the corporation school. The training includes the principles of health, hygiene, and safety, and the development of the individual by means of courses designed to increase efficiency.

The National Association, made up of corporations conducting educational work, together with individual business men and educators, was organized for the purpose of correlating the educational activities of corporations with one another and with the educational systems of the country. During the coming year a study of the employment policies of the corporations is to be made by a National expert.

The question of distribution held the foreground of interest in the earlier sessions of the Convention. In the course of industrial development the question of production has been emphasized. Lately the human element has received increased consideration. Between the question of production and man is the problem of distribution. With an average cost of from twenty to thirty-three and one-third per cent for distribution the question of salesmen and sales methods becomes important. The education of the salesman, both wholesale and retail, was the subject of addresses and discussion in a whole day's programme. The training of the sales force in a retail store was presented by Mr. H. J. Tily and discussed at length. It is being more and more recognized that a six-dollar Mary Jones may drive away more customers from a store than a fifty-dollar buyer may bring. Training for advertising and training of juvenile sales agents were included in the discussion.

Under the general head of accounting, financing, and purchasing came the question of the executive side of employees. Every employer recognizes the need for developing the executive—the employee who can take up his own particular job and manage its details, thus relieving the head executive, who can at the same time maintain his own place. This requires initiative, energy to follow up, and judgment.

Apprenticeship and engineering schools opened up a whole field of discussion, which led into the question of the public continuation school. Among the apprentice and engineering schools are those of some of our largest electrical corporations, automobile, locomotive, and railway companies.

General office work schools, such as those conducted by the railways, large mail-order

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houses, and insurance companies, were described in an address made by Mr. J. William Schulze.

Co-operation with the public school was the keynote of the latter part of the programme. It is evident that the corporation must continue to furnish the more highly specialized training for particular kinds of work; but in order to meet the needs of the ninety-six per cent of the graduates of our public schools who are yearly forced into industry without any industrial training and unqualified for efficient and profitable work, there will be required the closest co-operation between the employer and the public school. Germany has found that the continuation school, founded in Bavaria in 1803, has not only prevented educational waste, but has become the strongest tie between the schools and industry. A good beginning has been made in this country in proving the worth of the continuation school. Fitchburg (Massachusetts), Cincinnati, Gary (Indiana), Milwaukee, and Richmond are notable examples.

A SPLENDID FORM OF CONSERVATION

Just east of Second Avenue on Forty-second Street, in New York City, there is an institution the like of which should be within reach of every community in the country. The name of it is the New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, and the object is the salvage of the human scrap-heap. Here "the lame and halt are made to leap as the hart," and crippled, shriveled, petulant babies, most of them "professional invalids," are healed and educated.

While the doctors and nurses, under the able leadership of Dr. Virgil P. Gibney, are doing what they can for the bodies, Miss Jeannette Chapman, at the head of a corps of six teachers supplied "half-time" by the New York public schools system, is doing what there is to be done with the minds and hands.

These all but discarded pieces of humanity are taught that it is not necessary for the sick in body to be sick in spirit, they are taught the beauty and value of personal service, and the dignity of helping themselves. There is neither racial nor social distinction.

In the manual-training department each child is taught the trade best suited to his abilities and to look toward the time when he must become self-supporting.

Most of the deformities that come here are due to bad sanitation and ignorance—tubercular infections of the bones, and rickets, the result of injudicious feeding.

This institution is a complete community. All the braces, bandages, plaster casts and jackets, and all the clothing used by the patients and staff are made here. A wonderfully equipped laundry, electrical and cold-storage plants, and a splendid culinary department are managed with precision and efficiency. In connection with the out-patient department there is gymnasium work and hydrotherapy, and the X-ray and filing departments are models.

"Never a week passes," writes Dr. Gibney in one of his reports, "that in our operating-room a frail joint is not made a stable one by a delicate surgical procedure, a paralyzed group of muscles is not helped by the transference of a strong muscle group, a deformity that makes a quadruped is not overcome, and soon an erect gait is the result.

"There was one little fellow who arrived in a wheel-chair built to fit his deformities. They called him 'Buddie,' and his patient little face was a thing of beauty—one over which an artist would love to linger. Joint after joint was examined, from neck to toe, all of which were involved. After the examination was complete, he looked up and, with a smile of satisfaction, said, 'Now, nurse, am I all cured?' With such faith, is it any wonder that the Great Physician said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me'?"

POLITICAL TURMOIL IN PERU

Colonel Oscar Benavides, Premier of the Junta, or group, chosen to govern Peru after President Billinghurst's overthrow last February, was lately elected by Congress as Provisional President.

This involves a defeat for the faction led by Señor Roberto Leguia, Vice-President in the Billinghurst administration. The Leguia faction contended that the Vice-President was the sole person who could finish the unexpired Presidential term. But others replied that the overthrow of last February had terminated not only President Billinghurst's personal rule but his whole administration.

The Peruvians in general felt that the only possible way of restoring confidence was to establish a man at the head of affairs who

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would have sufficient strength to control the situation throughout Peru. The majority favored an army man rather than a politician. Hence it favored Colonel Benavides rather than Señor Leguia. It is stated that the judiciary, the army and the navy, the clergy, the business and foreign interests have accepted this solution and have given allegiance to Señor Benavides.

The new Provisional President is a capable man and has had a distinguished career. After graduating at the Military School in Peru, he studied in Europe and served in the French army. It now develops that his startling action in leading the troops against President Billinghurst was at the request of Congress.

We hope that he will avoid any tendencies which might be construed as favoring a military dictatorship. Peru needs and wishes peace and order. The chances of good government there are of course infinitely greater than they are in Mexico, for the reason that the Indian population is on a far higher social scale and that the country has had a far larger experience of genuinely popular government.

THE RELEASE OF FINNISH JUDGES FROM A RUSSIAN PRISON

The sixteen Finnish judges of the Viborg Court of Appeals who were thrown into the "Cross" prison at St. Petersburg last fall for refusing to sustain the constitutionality of the so-called "Equality Law" have finally been released, after eight months of solitary confinement, and have returned to Helsingfors.

The Russian legislation which Finnish courts, as well as Finnish officials, have steadfastly refused to recognize as valid, began with the enactment of a law, June 30, 1910, to deprive the Finnish Diet of the right to legislate on Finnish questions when such questions affected the interests of the Russian Empire as a whole. The Finnish Constitution, which five Russian Czars in succession have sworn to support and maintain, provides that no law shall be made or changed without the consent of the Finnish Diet. Inasmuch as the "Imperial interests" law of 1910 was never submitted to the Diet, and was therefore a flagrant violation of this constitutional provision, the Finns almost unanimously refused to recognize its validity. The Russian Government, however, using this law as a basis for further legislation, prepared a series of supplementary bills: (1) to equalize the civil rights of Russians and Finns in the Grand Duchy; (2) to give Russian courts exclusive jurisdiction of political offenses committed in Finland; (3) to equalize customs duties in Russia and the Grand Duchy; (4) to take away from Finland and annex to Russia the two Viborg parishes Nykyrka and Kivinebb; and (5) to enforce the use of the Russian language in the Finnish courts and civil administration.

The first of these bills to be acted upon was the Equality Law, which was adopted by the Russian Parliament and approved by the Czar February 2, 1912. The primary object of this law was to set aside the Finnish statutes prescribing certain qualifications for office-holders in Finland, and thus to make possible the substitution of Russians for Finns in the civil administration. Regarding this law as another attack upon their liberties, as well as a shameless violation of their constitutional rights, Finnish officials refused to obey it, and the Finnish courts sustained them in their disobedience. Then began a long series of prosecutions for alleged violation of the Equality Law. Scores of officials in Helsingfors, Viborg, Villmanstrand, Tavestehus, Terioki, and other Finnish towns were arrested, taken to St. Petersburg, tried in Russian courts, and sentenced to terms of solitary confinement in Russian prisons, with deprivation of the right to hold office again for periods ranging from three to ten years. This series of prosecutions culminated in the trial and conviction of the whole bench of judges of the Finnish Court of Appeals, who were not only sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for their refusal to sustain the constitutionality of the Equality Law, but were forbidden to hold an elective or appointive office of any kind again until 1924.

When these judges were released from the "Cross" prison and returned to Helsingfors, they received a great popular ovation from thousands of patriotic Finns. The Russian mounted gendarmes tried to suppress the demonstration by riding through the crowds on the sidewalks and striking the people with whips; but they found it impossible to reestablish what a Russian bureaucrat would call "order." To be flogged by the police with whips is a new experience for the Finns, but they will have to get used to it. The Equality Law provides that Russians and Finns shall be treated alike, and Russians have been whipped in the streets for the last twenty years.

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CONFISCATION AND COMPENSATION

If any one is inclined to doubt the growth of sentiment against the liquor traffic, let him consider the correspondence, printed on another page, between Clarence G. Gibboney and Fred G. Betts. When men begin to quarrel over what is to be done with the bones of a business after it is legally executed, the legal life of that business cannot be regarded as altogether assured. The liquor interests in this country are very powerful, but they are not as secure as they once were. Not only is the territory from which the liquor trade is by law excluded gradually growing greater in area, but the possibility that the liquor trade may be placed under the same ban as the trade in opium has certainly become less remote. The letters of Mr. Gibboney and Mr. Betts are therefore worth reading as a sign of the times.

More specifically, however, these two letters raise a question that is applicable not merely to the liquor traffic but to other forms of business which are affected by changes in legislation: How far is society morally bound to compensate those who suffer loss because of new laws?

It is certain that society cannot make good every loss suffered as the result of new enactments. If, for example, the Government should raise the rate of postage on first-class matter (we take an utterly impossible case), no one would dream of suggesting that the Government reimburse all those who on account of the increased postage found their expenses increased. So nobody suggests that when the Inter-State Commerce Commission allows an increase in railway rates, the Government should pay the shippers the difference between the old and the new rates. There are certain contingencies for which any man in business must be at all times prepared. There are certain sacrifices which some individuals or groups are called upon to make for the sake of society.

When, however, the Government appropriates tangible property for its own use, it is recognized in law that compensation must be made. And when, for the sake of some social advantage, property is destroyed or rendered useless, there is a moral obligation which is no less binding because it is not necessarily legal. If a town votes against the licensing of liquor-sellers, it is in no wise under legal or moral obligation to compensate the liquor-sellers because they can no longer engage in that particular business; and it is under no obligation to pay the owner of the saloon property any compensation, inasmuch as that property has not lost any real value and is useful for other purposes; but if, at a time when liquor is legally salable, a law is passed which destroys the market value of that liquor and renders the possession of it a violation of the law, actual, tangible property is in effect appropriated for the good of society, and society is placed under a moral, if not a legal, obligation towards the owner of that property. This was true with regard to the property in slaves. It is true with regard to property in liquor.

So far the question has not been raised in any practicable form because neither local option nor State prohibition destroys the salable value of such property. If, however, a National prohibition law should be passed, making illegal the manufacture or transportation for sale in inter-State commerce of any form of intoxicating beverage, the question would be raised. We believe this distinction between the necessary interference with business that comes as a consequence of social development and the actual appropriation or destruction of tangible property as the result of specific enactment should be kept in mind in the discussion of this question.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THE WILD WOMEN?

Mr. Ratcliffe's article on "Insurgent Suffragism in England," which appears elsewhere in this issue, explains but does not excuse the wild women of England. It is one thing to point out causes for militant suffragism; it is quite another and a different thing to find justification for it. The one thing Mr. Ratcliffe, we think, has very clearly done; he has not even attempted to do the other.

Readers of despatches from England which tell of the burning of country houses, the destruction of old churches, the slashing of valuable paintings, should be very careful to remember that these acts are committed by a small group. The women who call themselves "militants" and have been dubbed "suffragettes," and have proved themselves to be wild in very fact, are not representative of the large number of English women who are avowed advocates of woman suffrage.

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Whether Mr. Ratcliffe's statement that the multitude of women who wish for the suffrage "include the greater part of the educated women of the country" is accepted as a statement of fact or only as the expression of an opinion, there can be no doubt of the fact that the women who have been guilty of arson, who have destroyed some of the most valued possessions of the English people, who have made of themselves at all times a nuisance and at some times a menace, constitute but a very, very small fraction of the women of England.

We cannot believe that any Government in England would consider for a moment the surrender to these violators of the law and offenders against civilization. England has not formed the habit of yielding to savages in foreign parts; we do not believe that England will now yield to savages at home. Neither do we believe that the advocates of woman suffrage would, in their serious moments, tolerate the thought of such surrender. The very cause of woman suffrage is based upon the demand that women should take part in the making and enforcement of the laws. To advocate surrender to these lawless women would be to strike at the very root of the cause of woman suffrage. Lawlessness is the one proof of incapacity to take part in lawmaking. Anarchy can never be the foundation for government. If, as the direct result of the foul deeds of the wild women, the responsibility of the franchise should be laid upon the women of England, the result would be a lesson, not in responsibility, but in irresponsibility. Thereafter the women would have the assurance—and the men of England, too—that they could best get what they wanted by defying the law, disregarding the methods of civilization, and resorting to the knife and the torch.

What, then, should be done with the wild women? What does a civilized people do with any individual who relapses into savagery? The relapse of a civilized person into the stage of savagery is a sign of mental deficiency or mental disease. No civilized country any longer treats those who are recognized as defective or insane as if they were trustworthy members of society, on the one hand, or criminals, on the other. It is true that there are many people really defective or insane who are allowed to go unrestrained or unsupervised. That, however, is because society is slow, and ought to be slow, in treating every kind of abnormality as a peril. The general principle, however, is firmly established. The mental defective is put under supervision; the insane under restraint. Neither is punished, neither treated as a criminal; but both are placed where they can harm neither themselves nor others. Both should be treated with merciful firmness, and both should be furnished with such training as can partly or completely restore the lost reason or develop the arrested mind. This is what should be done with the wild women of England. Some of them are unquestionably mentally deficient; others are unquestionably mentally unbalanced. They should not be treated as prisoners, but as patients. The Government that will provide for the examination of these offending women by competent neurologists and will place them in asylums where they belong will, we believe, be the first Government to deal with this plague with intelligence.

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON"

From the beginning of the history of thought men have been greatly interested in their dreams and have attached more or less importance to them. In the early days the importance was more rather than less; and dream-books date back to the far beginnings of things. A man's dreams were intimations which he could not disregard; the interpretation of dreams became an art; and when a ruler, or any man or woman of position, had a dream, the soothsayer or interpreter was called in at once to explain it. It might have tremendous significance; and in the early history of animism dreams were the experiences of the mind escaping from the body and meeting those who had gone before. The dreamer passed out of this life into some other life and associated with spirits still existent, though under new and unknown conditions. All through the Middle Ages, and until within the recollection of the present generation, dream-books have been in demand in the interpretation of dreams, either by their opposites or under some other rule, and have been the recreation or the terror of multitudes of people. Then followed a long period during which dreams were regarded as stray and unimportant visitors of the night, having no relation to the mind or the fortunes of the dreamer.

It has been said that hints and intimations

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of all the great ideas of modern life may be found in mythology; and it is interesting to note how, one after another, what our immediate ancestors regarded as the superstitions of our remote ancestors have turned out to be romantic, picturesque, and imaginative introductions to serious knowledge and sober thought. So alchemy has led to chemistry, and astrology to astronomy; and now dreams have assumed a new importance, and the significance of dreams, disregarded for decades, is now a matter of sharp controversy among the psychologists, who are agreed that dreams mean a great deal, but never as to what they appear to mean. Dreams have no significance as regards the future fortunes of the dreamer, but they hold a torch aloft in the region of his unconscious self, and they throw light on the nature of his mind.

M. Henri Bergson's "Dreams" (Huebsch, New York) is an initial volume in the new library of dream-books. It is interesting that this small and striking discussion of the significance of dreams should come from the hand of the author of "Creative Evolution," a psychologist who has approached the mystery of personality, if not from a new point of view, at least with a fresh spirit and with an open mind. He describes a dream in this way: "I perceive objects and there is nothing there. I see men; I seem to speak to them and I hear what they answer; there is no one there and I have not spoken. It is all *as if* real things and real persons were there; then on waking all has disappeared, both persons and things. How does this happen?"

Professor Bergson makes the study of dreams an exploration of "the unconscious substratum of our mentality, the storehouse of our memories, by means of dreams, for these memories are by no means inert, but have, as it were, a life and purpose of their own, and strive to rise into consciousness whenever they get a chance." They are packed away, he tells us, under pressure like steam in a boiler, and the dream is their escape valve.

The psychologists are making practical use of this discovery in cases of hysteria; and they are able to make striking cures by bringing to light the anxieties and emotions which, unknown to the patient, have been preying on the mind. Memory, these psychologists hold, is not a state of consciousness, but a process. The power of recollection may weaken; it varies in strength from time to time in individuals; but the memory remains persistent and enduring. Nothing that has interested us or caught our attention is ever forgotten; everything is stored away—the good and evil, the pleasant and the unpleasant.

The man to-day, to whom the creative forces of the universe have become known and in a way accessible, and who has penetrated deeper and deeper into the knowledge of these forces, has long passed the age when Paley's illustration of design in that universe seems in any way adequate to its immensity or its subtlety. To him has been revealed a process of design much more wonderful because so vital, and so full of new combinations and resources that Paley's watch seems like a trinket in comparison with them. Professor Bergson hesitated long before committing himself to faith in personal immortality; but his acceptance of the presidency of the British Society for Psychical Research indicates that he may think it even possible at some future time to discover experimental evidence of the existence of the soul after death. In his opening address before that Society his language was most significant. "The rôle of the brain," he said, "is to bring back the remembrance of an action, to prolong the remembrance in movements. If one could see all that takes place in the interior of the brain, one would find that that which takes place there corresponds to a small part only of the life of the mind. The brain simply extracts from the life of the mind that which is capable of representation in movement. The cerebral life is to the mental life what the movements of the baton of a conductor are to the symphony."

When we are sleeping naturally, it is not necessary to believe that our senses are closed to external sensations. On the contrary, they continue to be active. They act with less precision, but they include a host of "subjective" impressions which are unperceived while we live in a world of perceptions common to all men, but reappear in sleep, when we live only for ourselves. These impressions are the materials of our dreams, though they are not sufficient to produce them. They are too vague and indeterminate. What produces them is the memory. The dream, as a rule, creates nothing, though there are examples of artistic, literary, and scientific productions in dreams. There is the well-known anecdote told of Tartini, a violinist-composer, who fell asleep while he was endeavoring to compose

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a sonata, and dreamed that the devil seized his violin and played the unwritten sonata. As soon as the composer awoke he wrote it out from memory. In such cases, however, it is very difficult to distinguish between history and legend. More modern evidence is furnished by Stevenson in his essay "A Chapter on Dreams." He expresses his belief that the most original of his stories had been composed or sketched in dreams. Bergson, however, notes that Stevenson at certain periods in his life was in a psychical state in which it was hard for him to say whether he was sleeping or waking. He is of opinion that when the mind is capable of organization and synthesis so as to solve a problem and to produce a working of the imagination, it is not really sleep, and consequently that the process does not go on in a dream.

In a deep sleep it is only memories which weave the web of dreams. Often we do not recognize them. They may be very old memories, forgotten during waking hours, drawn from our remotest past. They may be memories of objects which we have perceived almost unconsciously while awake. All our past life, Professor Bergson tells us, is preserved even to the infinitesimal details. Everything that we have felt, perceived, thought, or willed survives indestructibly. But these memories are preserved in obscure depths. They may be eager to come to the light, but we have other things to occupy us when awake; but when we fall asleep and become disinterested in things, then these memories "raise the trap-door which has kept them beneath the floor of consciousness; they arise from the depths; they rise, they move, they perform in the night of unconsciousness a great *danse macabre*. They rush together to the door which has been left ajar. They all want to get through. But they cannot; there are too many of them."

The birth of a dream, then, is no mystery. It is like the birth of all our perceptions. What we actually see of a real object is very little in comparison with what our memory adds to it. When we read a book or a newspaper, all the printed letters do not come into our consciousness. We see in a word or a phrase only some letters or characteristic marks and we divine the rest. Professor Bergson illustrates this interesting suggestion by calling attention to the unconscious effort which the mind is always making in dealing with sensations. When you hear a dog bark, to know that it is a dog barking you imagine you have to do nothing. As a matter of fact, however, you take your entire memory, all your accumulated experience, and you bring these things to converge upon a single point. Continually, every moment of the day, you exert an enormous effort, and all this time in dealing with the external world you are in a state of uninterrupted tension. When you sleep, that tension is relaxed; sensations and memories no longer fit into a general scheme.

A sleep full of dreams relating to things which have happened during the day is a sleep from which we awaken fatigued. In normal dreaming it is the unimportant things which appear. "It is true," Professor Bergson says, "that in very profound slumber the law that regulates the reappearance of memories may be very different. We know almost nothing of this profound slumber. The dreams which fill it are, as a general rule, the dreams which we forget." When we can recall them, even faintly, it seems as if we had returned from some great distance in space or in time; and Professor Bergson sums up this very striking discussion with the judgment that the principal task of psychology in this century will be to explore the secret depths of the unconscious, and affirms his belief that wonderful discoveries await it there, as important, perhaps, as have been the discoveries of the physical and natural sciences during the recent centuries.

CHINA

We are not surprised that the proposal for a Constitution presented by the Chinese Parliament proved unworkable. It lacked the necessary centralized authority.

The new Constitution now proposed as a substitute by President Yuan Shi-kai's appointees goes to the other extreme. It over-emphasizes centralized authority. It indicates that President Yuan intends to be intrenched in the dictatorial position which he has more and more assumed. Yuan has been called not only the one man with sufficient prestige to deal with the Powers, but also the one man capable of preserving law and order throughout China. Perhaps he is not the only man capable of preserving order, but the only one at present in possession of the necessary military power. Possibly, too, he assumed dictatorial powers not only because he wanted to crush all who

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did not agree with him, but also because he found it the only way to restore order and get needed revenues. China needs a strong hand, and Yuan furnishes the strongest. Moreover, self-inspired, and also we believe under pressure from the Powers, China is going through the motions of reform. But the question is, Are the hearts of the Government leaders in that reform? What they are doing, so it seems to us, is merely to establish a temporary Government to last until the ideal solution comes.

Opposing them is the radical leader Dr. Sun Yat-sen, from Canton, without whom, many believe, the revolution of 1911 would never have succeeded. Why does he not return from Japan, where he is now living, and, putting himself at the head of a popular movement, bring government of and by the people to China?

The answer to this is, first, that Dr. Sun is lacking; second, that the people are lacking. Dr. Sun is a born leader. For years he carried on an effective agitation against Manchu oppression. He was energetic, magnetic, altruistic. He may or may not have originated the revolution of 1911; at all events, the Cantonese held aloof from it until several provinces had joined in it; this was, however, so we learn, because the Cantonese waited for Sun to direct them, and at that time Sun was abroad. Nor was Sun the only one to carry the revolution to success; it might have failed in the end but for the decisive action of Yuan Shi-kai, who was in a position to dictate terms both to the Manchus and to the revolutionists. But this made no difference as regards the fact that Dr. Sun was the most active figure in the revolution.

Dr. Sun was Provisional President of the Republic of China. Here he exercised a brilliant, stimulating, and, we hope, permanent influence over the Chinese by his unselfish devotion to duty. Unfortunately, that influence became lessened as it was seen that he was a theorist, idealist, and popular leader, rather than an experienced administrator. Hence for a "permanent" President the practical Yuan was needed, and he was made permanent President. After a while Sun claimed that Yuan was destroying the Republic, and must be overthrown just as the Manchus were. To this end a revolt was started. It did not succeed. Sun also failed to make efficient the Parliament in which his adherents had a majority. The members of Parliament became a mere band of intriguers and grafters, with the consequent weakening of China in the view of those foreign Powers ever ready to exploit it.

Thus neither Yuan nor Sun would seem to be able to lead China into the family of modern, well-ordered nations, though of the two, for the moment, Yuan can, we are convinced, the better hold China together.

Secondly, there are the people. They will, in our opinion, postpone an ideal governmental solution until a generation or two shall have passed. We are too apt to think of the Chinese as we have seen the best of them here—as very acute and intelligent Orientals. And yet we learn that even of the intelligent classes at home few Chinese care much about the form of their government, so long as it preserves order and does not interfere with their business.

If this is so of the intelligent classes, it is of course much more so of the unintelligent. While in general there has been little injustice in the land-tenure system, we do not realize that certain parts of China have suffered from an economic bondage similar to the peonage in Mexico. The slave-holding Manchus, conquering China, found slavery already existing there. They themselves had slaves. When they confiscated lands in China they distributed them to the princes who had assisted in the conquest. Some of the lands, indeed, were voluntarily surrendered by the peasants in return for the protection of the Manchu princes, just as lands were surrendered in Europe in the Middle Ages. These peasants became serfs, and were unable afterwards to leave the lands which they cultivated. The largest and most important estates of this sort are near Peking, and, of course, in Manchuria. The Imperial edict of 1910 abolished slavery, despite the opposition from many Manchu nobles. However, they succeeded in stipulating that, while the status of the serfs, or agricultural slaves, should be changed to that of "hired laborers" (with the consequent better standing in the courts and relief from the cruel penalties provided for slaves found guilty of certain offenses), they should still remain on the lands cultivated, lest those lands be neglected.

Thus the general condition of the Chinese rank and file calls for sympathy. That there has been any awakening throughout the nation as a whole seems a miracle. And yet that awakening has occurred.

Its first sign was social, namely, opium

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reform. To the general surprise and pleasure, the whole nation went far towards redeeming itself from a terrible vice. The nation did more. Its success in opium reform helped, we are sure, to start a national consciousness.

The second sign of the national awakening was therefore political—the saving of the nation from Manchu tyranny.

We do not believe that this is an awakening for only a moment or two, and that then again will come the old sleep of ages. We do not believe that China will permanently relapse into social or political drowsiness and decay. But, on the other hand, neither do we believe that the oldest monarchy in the world could suddenly become the newest and most radical of permanent republics. Yet that was what the radicals planned, and they made the pendulum swing too far. It had to swing back, and we now have evidence of the reaction.

While we should not expect too much of China, neither should we despair of the ultimate result. It will, we are convinced, do credit to the leaders who have led the nation out of darkness into light, be they doctrinaires or opportunists. But China's hope lies no longer with them. It lies with her younger men now being trained abroad or in such schools at home as the one established by Yale at Changsha—young men who will know how to combine Yuan's administrative ability, command, and effectiveness with Sun's vision, love of country, and idea of unselfish public service.

MEXICO AS SEEN IN WASHINGTON

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

HAS President Wilson a Mexican policy? Has the Administration been following a carefully thought out plan, or has it been drifting from one crisis to another, with non-recognition of Huerta, the Vera Cruz invasion, and mediation as unconnected points jutting into the muddled sea of Mexican affairs?

A stranger seeking an answer to these questions in Washington finds no dearth of informants, with all sorts of ready-made theories which they pleasantly set forth for his choosing. As he talks in turn to representatives of Huerta, agents of Felix Diaz, spokesmen of the various parties in American politics, and members of the Constitutionalist *junta*, he gets successive impressions that the motives of the men at the head of our Government are diabolic, altruistic, and even angelic. There is one important source, however, from which only by the most patient search will he get any favorable interpretation of the President's course in Mexico. That is Congress. In Washington I talked with Senators and Representatives of every political stripe, and found an almost universal dislike and distrust of the President's policy. From the "reactionary" Republicans came brimstone phrases of condemnation and disparagement; from radical Republicans and from Progressives criticism almost as caustic; while even the majority of Democrats admitted *sub rosa* that they chafed at being obliged by considerations of party loyalty to lend their support to measures which would not have had their disinterested approval.

"In general I sympathize with what the President seems to be trying to do towards Mexico," said a Senator from the solid South famous for his rabid partisanship, "but I don't approve of the way he does it. The South does not want war with Mexico, but we Southerners are not given to making empty threats. We like to see a man back up his words with action. This Presidential vacillating is getting on our nerves. Take the Tampico incident. We started into Vera Cruz as if we were going to demand full reparation for the insult to our flag, but apparently that has been forgotten."

"I don't know what the President's policy is, and I don't believe he knows," cynically remarked a Republican colleague of this man. "I voted for his 'war resolution' because I thought it best to give him the benefit of the doubt and I didn't want our enemies abroad to think that there was dissension in our ranks; but, I must confess, it seemed absurd to me, after hundreds of our citizens had been murdered, insulted, and outraged, to make such a fuss over the little fracas at Tampico."

These remarks are typical of the widely varying comment one hears from the mouths

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of Congressmen. The truth is that Congress is not in the President's confidence, and is irked thereby. The same air of secrecy that pervades at Niagara Falls covers Washington like an air-tight tarpaulin. Even the Chairmen of the Senate and House Committees on Foreign Affairs are groping in the dark. This atmosphere of mystery is getting on the nerves of every one in Washington, even of the newspaper men, whose patience has been hardened to this sort of thing by long experience. It is perhaps natural, therefore, that one hears about the Capitol much more criticism than praise of an Administration which does not choose to defend itself. The slur that is most frequently uttered is to the effect that President Wilson is proceeding without any chart or compass.

"There is no sequence in Mexican affairs as they are reflected in the Wilsonian mirror," a stand-pat Republican legislator remarked to me as we walked down Pennsylvania Avenue one afternoon after Congress had adjourned. "They seem to be just a string of unconnected events. Each day the leaders of the Administration have sat upon such exigency as came up and held their conferences there. Of ability to see beyond the space of twenty-four hours there seems to be none, and apparently there is no consistent plan of action mapped out."

This criticism strikes the unprejudiced observer in Washington as more just than any other that is made. The Administration has a policy, but no plan. It knows what it wants, but not how to get it. Since March 4, 1913, the Administration's policy has steadily been to secure peace in Mexico, but such peace only as gave promise of permanency through foundation on the Constitution and through uncompromising opposition to the old order, which Mr. Wilson realized was justly doomed. Of plan, however, beyond the fixed determination to refuse all recognition to any Government whose roots were in the old régime, there was none. The scheme has been to avoid trouble by opportunism.

Mediation furnishes a good example of this opportunism. Whether the Niagara Falls conferences were proposed by the A B C nations or by the Washington Government, as some of the Mediators have hinted, the fact remains that Mr. Wilson clutched at mediation as a falling aviator grasps a loose rope-end.

In the first place, mediation was a means of gaining time. A Government official who is high in the confidence of the President said to me, "We did not know what mediation would lead to, but as it would give time for Americans to get out of Mexico it was worth while. It has carried us over the dangers of those days when public opinion was so inflamed in both Mexico and the United States that war to the end seemed inevitable. You don't hear anything about the Tampico insult now, do you? The public has forgotten it. Our critics point to this fact as a reflection upon President Wilson, but as a matter of fact it was the very thing he was aiming at. Now that feeling has cooled down, such ticklish matters can very well be taken up again at the mediation conferences, and as a matter of fact, although the newspapers have been saying for weeks that mediation was on its last legs, it still offers limitless possibilities for testing and soothing the temper of the public."

That is the feature of the mediation conferences which has made them most valuable to the State Department, but as a means of keeping up intercourse between the United States and Huerta without involving recognition of the Mexican despot they have also had their uses. As far as offering any hope of a definite and permanent settlement of the Mexican tangle, however, apparently even the President is coming to consider mediation futile. Washington knows more about Mexico to-day than Niagara Falls does, and is learning rapidly. The Administration now thoroughly appreciates the force of the argument advanced by the Constitutionalists, that the Mexican people would never give their hearty support to a government "framed up" at Niagara Falls. A provisional president put up by the A B C nations and the United States would be considered by the Mexicans a mere puppet worked by wires from outside, and would fail to gain the hearty support of any faction in Mexico. President Wilson also now realizes the justice of the refusal of the rebels to grant an armistice—a concession upon which the Mediators still insist before admitting the Constitutionalists to their conferences. The President now well understands the truth of the remark that a revolution, like a bicycle, must go forward, and cannot halt without losing momentum and toppling over.

Since the painful surprise which the President received when the populace of Vera Cruz received our marines with bullets instead of flowers, he has clung to mediation. He is hoping for something to turn up—Huerta

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might have a stroke of apoplexy; an earthquake might destroy the entire tribe of *cientificos;* the waters of two oceans might roll in on southern Mexico and leave Carranza and Villa high and dry in the north engaged in mutual admiration. The President is waiting on events.

But, granting that a plan looking toward the consistent handling of complications that may arise between Mexico and the United States in the future—such a plan as the American people are accustomed to find in the foreign programmes of their Presidents—is conspicuous by its absence under this Administration, the feelings with which President Wilson has approached our relations with Mexico command the sympathy and respect of every one who understands what the circumstances are. It has been said that the President, reversing the method of Cleveland, has been concerned with theories rather than conditions; but the truth is that he is nearer to the facts than the public knows. Mr. Wilson is largely to blame for this misconception. Even when he has been acting in the interests of the Constitutionalists, they have been frequently misled by his cryptic and apparently devious way of doing things.

It may be true that the President takes a too rosy view of Mexican character, as it may be true that he was captious in refusing to recognize Huerta. But he does understand that this revolution is a class revolution, that no compromise can stop it, and that there can be no peace in Mexico until the last *cientifico* has gone. He wants peace in Mexico for the benefit of Americans, but he realizes that only a just peace is lasting, and he is bent upon doing his part toward getting justice in Mexico.

A reliable reflection of the President's feelings in this regard and an interesting suggestion of what his hopes are for the future were given me by one of the four or five men who are all that share his confidence in Mexican matters.

To this gentleman, who, of course, insisted that his name be withheld, I had been telling some of my impressions of Villa, which were rather more favorable to the rebel than those commonly published in the newspapers.

"I am very glad to hear what you say about Villa," said this representative of the Administration, "because we have lately come to believe that he is the man we have been looking for. We have felt sure all along that out of this revolution would come a leader who personified the virtues, vices, hopes, fears, and possibilities of the people who are taking part in a revolution similar in many ways to that of 1789. Carranza may be such a leader, but it is comparatively rare for a member of the educated middle class to keep consistently before him the ideals of the rising masses and lead them unswervingly to their goal.

"Villa is considered by many of the European nations a man of blood rather than of brains. He is both, with ability added. Those nations might hesitate to give him their recognition; but any man fairly elected by the triumphant peons would deserve it. Perhaps the strongest combination, however, would have Villa the power behind the throne, perhaps as War Minister or Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

"One thing is certain. The old order of 'government by concession' must go. All the world was governed by *cientificos* once. Remember, too, that all *cientificos* in Mexico are not Mexicans. There are others, who want to get one hundred per cent in Mexico instead of eight per cent in New York, London, or Paris. Foreigners in Mexico ought to be protected in their lives and legitimate property, but not in the pursuit of that extra ninety-two per cent. The only respect in which such men are better than Huerta and his ring is that they are not murderers. They countenance the old order of murder, oppression, and privilege, however, and they must go.

"We must let those people across the Rio Grande work out their own problems, helping the cause of justice when we can. We don't want to be conquerors. We have played that rôle too many times already; and beware of the argument, which tyrants have ever used glibly, that it is a work of altruism to force civilization on an unwilling people. Regeneration comes from within."

I asked what course would have been followed if Huerta had apologized for the insult to our flag before our seizure of Vera Cruz. "An apology would have been accepted if it had come early, but after Fletcher's men went ashore it was too late. The Tampico incident alone was of slight importance. Like the tea tax which our forefathers resented, it became important as the culmination of a series of injuries and insults."

If mediation fails, will the Administration revert to its famous watchful waiting? Apparently it has nothing else in mind. Much as one may admire the hopes and ideals

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which President Wilson cherishes for Mexico, the feeling remains, after watching the wheels of government from close range, that we are not at war with Mexico to-day more through the President's good intentions and good luck than through foresight and statesmanship.

From Washington, D. C., Mexico cannot be seen so clearly as from Washington, Connecticut, or from any other point where southerly observations can be taken without looking through the dark glass of politics. Everything of a political nature is distorted and exaggerated when seen from the Capitol. Nevertheless the prospect of peace in Mexico on a basis satisfactory to the Administration is more favorable than it has been since the death of Madero. The Constitutionalists now have every hope of getting the open approval of the United States if they win one or two more important victories and if they can keep Carranza and Villa from each other's throats. If they succeed in establishing a stable government, it is no disparagement to their own powers to say that it will be in a large degree a "government by recognition."

VERA CRUZ: A CRUSADE FOR DECENCY

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH THE UNITED STATES EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

THE Fifth Brigade since it landed has been carrying on a crusade for civilization and decency in the land of the "True Cross"—Vera Cruz, in Mexico.

We embarked from Galveston on the 24th of April. Regular troops do not expect or wish to leave for the front with bands playing, but the march from camp to the transports, through the streets of Galveston, was memorable. We had been there over a year, yet that morning no one left his business, the streets were as deserted as ever; only a few Negroes on the sidewalk, some inmates of the Old Ladies' Home, and three prisoners in the windows of the jail were all that saw us off. True, there were crowds on the wharf, but few more than for which the families and friends of the soldiers would account. It will be a long time before the Fifth Brigade, especially those members from the true South and more American parts of Texas, will forget the town where the army paid double the civilian prices for everything, and officers' wives triple for four-room homes—the dollar patriotism of Galveston.

On the morning of the fourth day out, after most of the second lieutenants had achieved peace-strength mustaches on the voyage, we sailed into Vera Cruz on a peacock-green sea, past the old fort of San Juan d'Ulloa, dazzling white in the early sun.

There are only two vivid things about Vera Cruz—the smells and the colors; the rest seems unreal; opera, comic or otherwise. You have been in a tawdry theater, among the scenery; pale greens, grays, corals, cart-wheel blues, and leprous whites? This is just such a smelly, cheap playhouse, but turned gorgeous by the calcium blaze of tropic sun, and by the really great play that is on. I suppose the climax, even though we go home for a time, is yet to come. At present we seem to be in the *entr'acte*, and even the actors are beginning to get a little sympathetic to the stamping of the gallery gods, and hope the real *deus ex machina* will see fit to ring up the curtain again soon.

But now we have time to look around. The other morning, off duty, we went down to the police court, where the captain is detailed as judge, aided by a lance corporal and an interpreter. There has been some trouble with interpreters. Our first was continually unearthing horrible plots, and finally resigned because "G. Goethals, T. Roosevelt, and W. J. Bryan are not here." Then he was deported insane.

The first case was the "eternal triangle" as worked out by three peons with a splendid simplicity. A had previously been put in jail, having just paid a month's rent in advance on the house in which he and his *querida* lived. The faithless lady was immediately on with a new love, B. A got out of jail. His *querida* decided to stay with B, so A wanted his month's rent. B paid up, and they all parted in amity.

The next case was more serious. The frightened plaintiff charged another woman with being a witch and casting a spell over her. The defendant rather consciously admitted that she was a witch. She was told

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that if she appeared in court again steps would be taken to oust her from that very lucrative profession.

Then a common drunk of the night before, feeling very fit after his breakfast on the army ration—probably his first square meal in months. He was dismissed with a promise of thirty days for the next offense. And so it went—only it should be remarked that the drunk was brought in that same afternoon, expectantly and with malice aforethought intoxicated, prudently bearing his household gods done up in a mat, and is now enjoying the fattest month of his career. Just to see these peons, their women trailing along behind the quartermaster breadwagons, is enough to convert any one to democracy.

Noon and lunch, and the city coming to a light boil. We take a nap while the love-sick and conscientious write letters. Night is the time. Then we all go to listen to the regimental bands, and sit under the cloisters of the cafés that, with the Palace and Cathedral, hem in the Plaza.

It is pleasant to look about while the waiter clears the table—a simple act of swishing a napkin and saying "shoo" in Spanish. At the next table are Americans: a war correspondent, who writes red-blooded novels, laughs and talks quite politely with a superb creation who made Cuba famous, and who now stands tapping his putties with a crop in the most approved fashion. Refugees and "refugettes" make the eagle scream whenever they can find an audience: "No white man can live in Mexico if we don't take it over." And rumors! "The troops are going to move twenty miles inland." "Why?" "So that the vegetables will be cheaper." But they do not seem to be organizing any volunteer regiment, which, by the way, would be more or less valuable in going up through a visually unknown country.

A middle-aged woman, well dressed, but the worse for paint, powder, and brandy, one of the queer exiles who turn up in the tropics, pathetically glad to see fellow-countrymen, and attractive because there are no other women but natives, comes down the colonnade and subsides into a chair near us, among some others of her ilk. "My dear! Sit down. What will you take?" And she conscientiously searches through the entire wine list before ordering her tenth cognac of the evening. The band begins the "Robert E. Lee"—remember we have been down in camp for the last fifteen months—and the lady keeps time with her glass; it "sounds so like home," and we wonder why she left home, and think how much sadder Kipling's "Gentlemen Rankers" would have been had he written it about a woman.

But we seem to be quite self-sufficient, for over in front of the palace two soldiers are having a "rag" of their own before a delighted crowd of peons, who shriek with glee when they execute a six-foot glide with a splendid dip on the end of it. The band switches into national airs, for the Plaza is full of the white naval uniforms of five countries. "God Save the King" begins, and the British stand dutifully, but the band, doubtless remembering that "My Country, 'tis of Thee" has several verses, does not stop at one rendering, and the poor officers get up and sit down again three times—a whole service in one hymn. Then the "Marseillaise." A French sailor in a huge white helmet that makes him look more intoxicated than he really is stands in the middle of the street, waving his arms in time. Three peon boys gather about him in admiration. Suddenly he sees that they have not uncovered, and, with a magnificent sweep of the hand, knocks both the hat and a bag of sugar from the head of the nearest. The music stops, the sailor wanders off, and the boys squat down and scoop the sugar up from the pavement—a thrifty race.

And we saunter home to bed, past the looming Cathedral, pale gray, with white pilasters, like a giant piece of Wedgwood, and behind it the graceful towers of the Palace and the lighthouse of Benito Juarez floating white and ghostly in the roving searchlights of the fleet; back to our quarters in the great ancient barracks, three city blocks around a vast, dark, cobbled court where, through the vaulted arches, one can almost fancy he hears roll again the drums of the murdered Maximilian's French, who lie in their fever graves on the Isla de Sacrificios. Gloomy and significant at night the Cuartel, but even in the early morning, when from its roof the white peak of Orizaba lifts beyond fifty miles to the west, and the cross on the Cathedral tower gleams white against the sun, there still brood on that cross the black, sinister buzzards: the True Cross and the symbol of decay—the mark of Spain in the New World.

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PARTNER OR PARASITE?

*Even those who agree as to the desirability of State or National prohibition frequently differ as to the manner in which the elimination of the liquor trade is to be brought about. The following discussion deals specifically with a proposed prohibition law for the State of Pennsylvania; but the arguments, in consideration of the Hobson amendment now before Congress, are National in application. Mr. Gibboney, President of the Law and Order League of Philadelphia, begins the debate with an open letter, which we publish in part below. Mr. Betts, a lawyer of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, is the author of the reply.—*THE EDITORS.

I—PROHIBIT BUT COMPENSATE

BY D. CLARENCE GIBBONEY

THIS liquor question is a moral one. All citizens of all parties and all creeds are fast coming to realize that this great moral question must be disposed of, and the business men and politicians must unitedly and manfully do their share to bring about an adjustment which will be such an honorable settlement as to satisfy every good citizen.

The United States Government has long recognized the liquor business as legal, and the State of Pennsylvania in many laws has restricted and protected it. It is sanctioned by permission of law, and what the law permits being done the law invites to be done. But the naked truth is that none of us are satisfied with the present status. We have party prohibition, local option, high license, and we are always fighting. We have not yet named the right remedy, at least a remedy effective in application and just in principle.

If good citizens are to be earnest in all things, it is right to be just in all things; and we should look at the facts squarely. We should ask ourselves: Who is responsible for the liquor business and its inevitable results, and how should it be abolished, and who should abolish it? . . .

The manufacturers, distillers, and retail liquor people are in a business inherited from our forefathers. The liquor business in Pennsylvania is to-day as legal as any other legal business. Notwithstanding this, the saloonkeeper has been abused, derided, and driven out of social fellowship. It is fashionable to-day to picture him as some unclean thing; and many of those who know better agitate and arouse opposition by charging all the evils of the liquor business to the liquor dealer, *when they know that he is the carefully selected partner of the State, and is carrying on a business scheme to make money for all the people of the State, as well as for himself.* . . .

We established this business by our votes long years ago, and, moreover, we have reestablished it by our votes at intervals many times since. We, the people, have entered into signed agreements through our representatives with every man engaged in the manufacture, distillation, or retailing of liquor in the whole State. And we have asked for and received our share of the profits in advance. In Philadelphia alone we have nineteen hundred and thirty-two citizens selling liquor at retail, and from each saloon we claim almost twelve hundred dollars a year. We have some fifty breweries which pay a license and tax on every barrel of beer, porter, and ale brewed, and four hundred wholesale dealers and bottlers who pay from five hundred to one thousand dollars apiece each year; and we get every dollar in licenses and special tax—a total of about three and one-half millions each year—before any one of our liquor partners has taken in a dollar for himself. . . .

It is foolish for any citizen to appear, at this late day, alarmed at the growing opposition to the liquor business and fearing it may result in offensive criticism of his own responsibility in voting for it, to plead that when he voted to legalize the sale of liquor he was in complete ignorance of the dangers of the liquor business. All the facts are against his claim. The large license fee was arranged for because the people anticipated that it would be a troublesome business, and the people knew it would be engaged in for only one purpose, namely, to make money—big money—and the people wanted a large portion as their share, and they wanted it as

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quickly as possible. Therefore the license fee was made large. The majority of citizens in years past have been so insistent upon getting big license revenue and profits from the liquor business that it was plain they feared that some revolt of sentiment would make the business a short-lived affair, and they were determined to get away with their share of the profits and leave the liquor dealer to shift for himself, to stand for all the losses. The voters said to the prospective saloon-keepers: "If you will agree not to sell to drunken men, to minors, on election days or on Sundays, and will pay us our share of the profits in advance, you may go the limit to make all you can for yourselves." It is only fair to state that the liquor dealers in Philadelphia have kept their agreements as nearly as they could, and much better than many expected. But schools and churches make people intellectually restless and . . . we are now ashamed of our bargains with the liquor business. Wishing to repudiate the whole thing, but determined that all loss will be on our partners, we are going about it in a very unfair, brutal manner. In consequence of our injustice, intentional or otherwise, all our plans have failed. . . .

It will not satisfy fair-minded men for the opponents of the liquor business to say: "Oh! the liquor dealers cannot blame anybody but themselves; they took a chance, and if they lose their large cash investments in the wicked liquor business it is their own fault. They knew their license was good for only one year, and if they made a large investment on such an uncertainty and lose their money they cannot criticise any one but themselves." It is unthinkable that a business man would invest ten thousand, fifteen thousand, or a million dollars in a business if notified that it was a short-lived scheme or an experiment, and that, even though he strictly kept the law, he couldn't expect it to be of any permanency. If one business man could be found to be so foolish, we know the thousands of other business men considering liquor-selling as a business would not be. As a matter of fact, no such notice is ever given. The positive, plain truth is—no other business in the history of this country and of this State was ever given such support or surrounded with such strong safeguards as the liquor business, and this was done for no other reason than that it has always been the one big money-making scheme in which State and Nation expected to make big profits.

The liquor men could not have been given stronger assurances of safety for a long-continued, harmonious business partnership than we have given them by law and legal regulations.

Take away their licenses and stop the business, and in many cases you will make paupers out of them. If not pauperized, they would actually lose large amounts of cash which they have invested in a business instituted by the votes of the citizens of Pennsylvania.

If we sincerely desire to abolish this business, we must courageously assume our share of the responsibility and our share of the losses, settle with our partners, and all parties engage in some better business, even though not quite as profitable.

The only effective plan, it seems to me, by which we can permanently get rid of the liquor business is for Pennsylvania to pass a prohibition amendment to the Constitution, appropriate a sum of money sufficiently large to meet the requirements, provide for the appointment of some sort of commission with authority to appraise all liquor establishments at their actual value, and in some such manner compensate the licensed dealers for some part of the actual cash loss following the dissolution of the partnership, thereby enabling them to engage in some other business.

Even this plan would entail great loss to the liquor dealer; but he would quit with a part of his investment and could engage in some other occupation, satisfied that he had been accorded a square deal.

Objection to this plan will be made because of the large amount of money necessary for such a big undertaking. I say, we must first ask if it is right to abolish the liquor traffic; next, whether we are responsible for the existence of the liquor traffic; and then adopt the surest and speediest and most honorable way to end the business.

I cannot understand how any good citizen, if he comprehends the facts, can approve a partnership which gives both partners part of the profits, but charges one of the partners with all the losses at the time of dissolution. . . .

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II—PROHIBITION WITHOUT COMPENSATION: A REPLY

BY FRED G. BETTS

The question as to the merits of the liquor traffic is no longer debatable. That question is settled by the results of the business. Liquor, like water, has found its own level. There is, however, an honest difference of opinion as to how to abolish it.

You say, "This liquor question is a moral one." So it is; but it is more. It is a business question. It has too long been regarded as purely a question of morals. In Noah's time it was a moral question. Its effect to-day on business is so great that it has become an economic question. I include in the term business the management and conduct of every business from the largest corporation to housekeeping. The increasing opposition to the liquor traffic is not because drunkenness is any more immoral than it was ages ago, but because of the economic effect on the community.

Treat it as a moral question, and it will never be abolished. Too many are satisfied to let each one be the judge of his own morals. The public is content to shy a glance of pity at the man going down through drink, and rest content to let the man bear his own burden because he put it on himself. Not so, however, when the public learns that drink is a detriment to business. The public has discovered this and will aid the individual in stamping it out.

The priest and the Levite would not have passed by the wounded man on the Jericho road had they had any pecuniary interest in the sweat of his brow. They would have outstripped the Samaritan in having him shipped off to the nearest hospital.

I cannot agree with the conclusion you reach in your argument that the only effective plan to get rid of the liquor business is to pass a prohibition amendment and appropriate a sufficient sum of money to take over the liquor establishments at an appraised valuation. The conclusion you reach is founded on a false premise, that the State is a partner in the business to the extent of sharing profits, and should therefore share losses.

You assume that because the State legalizes the liquor business and receives a license fee that the State and all its citizens are partners in the business, sharing in profits, and that the licensed liquor dealer is a "carefully selected partner of the State, carrying on a business scheme to make money for all the people of the State, as well as for himself." You assume that there is a partnership for profit, and argue that partners sharing profits should also share all the losses at the time of dissolution of the partnership. A principle in partnership law, as you know, is that partners who share profits must share losses, and that is the principle you seek to invoke.

Is there such a partnership existing between the liquor dealer, the State and its citizens to legally or equitably warrant the sharing of dissolution losses? The only ground on which to base such a partnership is that the State, through its courts, grants the privilege to manufacture and sell liquor, and in return demands and receives a fee from the licensee. This fee is not deemed excessive or unreasonable, as is evidenced by the number of applicants every year for the privilege.

You have nineteen hundred and thirty-two retail dealers, fifty breweries, and four hundred wholesale dealers in Philadelphia, and many more apply for the license, being willing to pay the fee, and think it is a hardship when they do not get the opportunity. The aggregate of these fees is large; but would not their sum look very small when compared with the aggregate of the profits from the business licensed?

Let me cite an instance in my own county. At our License Court a few weeks ago one wholesale dealer testified that during the year passed his gross sales were $107,000. His license fee was $250.

You say that the license fees paid aggregate millions, and are taken out of profits "before any one of our liquor partners has taken out a dollar for himself." In the case cited the income account of the State, partner (?), closed with a gross income of $250, while the dealer's income was from gross sales of $107,000. At the end of the license year did the dealer owe the State, or the State owe the dealer?

You speak of citizens of the State accepting "our share of the profits," and then

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argue that as citizens we should accept our share of losses on dissolution. If the State is in partnership with the liquor dealer, it is high time for its citizens to ask for an accounting.

It is true that the sale of liquors is legalized in Pennsylvania, and before one can engage in the business a license fee must be paid. Does the payment and receipt of such a fee make the State and its citizens partners? It certainly does not. When the present license law was enacted and its several amendments in regard to the license fee passed, it was thought to be the best solution of the problem. The right to engage in the business was taxed, and the State was within its rights to tax it. It was called the High License Law because the fee required was higher than in some other States. It was thought that the amount of the fee would deter many from going into the business. The license fee was made high as a compromise between the liquor element and those opposed to it, and the liquor element were shrewd enough to allow it to be passed, and congratulated themselves on getting off so easily.

The size of the license fee does not deter any one from going into the business. Every year in every district, city, borough, and township the old applicants ask for renewals, and many new applicants appear anxious and hungry to pay the fee. The license fee is not a part of the profits. It is a tax. It might be called an overhead charge on the business. After it is paid, and a month's rent on a suitable place is paid, the liquor dealer can start in business, buying his stock on credit and paying for it as profits are made by turning over the stock.

Every corporation chartered by the State pays a fee or tax for the privilege. Does any one pretend to say that the State and its citizens thereby become partners? A reduction of the tariff is thought by some to ruin business.

Does any one claim that the Government should share such losses if they accrue? Let the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number apply. Before the State and her citizens should be asked to share losses they should actually share profits, and they have not done so.

The fact of the matter is that the State and its citizens, instead of sharing profits, are standing losses on account of the liquor business.

For the sake of the argument, let me grant that a partnership does exist between John Doe, the State of Pennsylvania and Co.:—liquor dealers. How does the partnership account stand?

Let me illustrate by the concrete case above stated: John Doe, gross sales, $107,000; debtor, license fee, $250; credit, estimated net profit, $25,000.

In this business transaction the State received a gross income of $250, and the State and citizens, partners, were charged with the burden of additional costs of jails, insane asylums, poorhouses, paupers, and increased taxation for their support. The balance is on the debit column of partner, State and citizen, while the balance to the liquor dealer partner is on the credit side. The State has never shared in the profits, but it has, on the contrary, borne the great burden of the losses.

This statement can be verified by statistics taken from any county commissioner's office in the State.

Is it not enough for the State to have borne this burden without asking its citizens to stand any losses from dissolution?

Is the widow who has been deprived of the earnings of her son on account of drink to pay a further portion of the burden?

Is the wife of a drunken husband to pay a further share of a dissolution loss to the business that ruined him?

Are the men or women anxious to reform from drink to pay a share in the dissolution loss of the business that ruined them? No. The business has already exacted more than its full toll in crime, poverty, and desolation.

The losses on a dissolution would have to be net losses. Would there, in your opinion, be any net loss to the liquor business if it were discontinued? On the one side, the liquor business has received a net profit. On the other side, the State has already received a net loss.

The principle of law known as "*caveat emptor*" should apply to those engaged in the liquor business. Yet I will agree with your proposition, if your plan can be proved to be the only feasible plan, as I believe the money would be well spent and the State would be the gainer in the end. At this time, however, I do not think that such a plan is necessary.

Clearfield, Pennsylvania

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INSURGENT SUFFRAGISM IN ENGLAND

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

Mr. Ratcliffe is an English journalist. He has been editor of the London "Sociological Review" and associate editor of the Calcutta "Statesman." He has had exceptional opportunities for acquainting himself with the history of the militant suffrage movement in England. Editorial comment on the general subject involved will be found elsewhere in this issue.—THE EDITORS.

IT is characteristic of England and the English temper that not until the moment when the insurgent women began to annoy the King was the whole nation, in every class and every part, thoroughly aroused to the necessity of doing something, and doing it right away, for the summary ending of an intolerable situation. The harassing of politicians was taken as a matter of course. It was no doubt miserable for the victims, but, after all, Cabinet Ministers are fair game. So, too, with raids on the House of Commons, interrupted meetings—even damaged pictures, bombs in public buildings, the burning of country houses. Since no lives were endangered, and the incidents were sporadic, the public was not seriously disturbed. It was singular that the people did not rise in anger when the attack began upon the old churches. But once the sacred presence of the Throne was invaded, the country realized that the end was near. But the question is, What end?

The condition of England at this moment is altogether inconceivable by the citizens of any other country. Let me try to suggest the main lines of the picture.

It is now close upon nine years since the political peace was broken by the Women's Social and Political Union, then a young and small body created by Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel. For nine years (think of it!) no member of the Liberal Government has been able to address a public meeting without interruption, to stir out of his house without the fear of being waylaid, to travel by train, to visit a theater, or to play golf, without being elaborately protected. Public meetings have become private meetings; public dinners have become privileged feasts; charity bazaars have been turned into political cockpits; a new volunteer force of expert (and unmerciful) chuckers-out has come into being for the hammering of women protesters. The royal palace, the Houses of Parliament, and the Government offices are under watch and ward. From time to time the shopping centers look like the thoroughfares of a city besieged. The police can no longer regard themselves as pacific and widely distributed guardians of public order; they are liable at any moment to be mobilized into a compact army of 5,000 or 6,000 men in Westminster. In church or cathedral the congregation never knows whether it will be permitted to get through a service without a scene. And now the "close time" for royalty is at an end. Hitherto we have thought it sufficient to play the same tune to the King wherever he goes; but to-day—at Court, at the play, or at the horse show—he must prepare his ears for the horrific cry, Votes for Women! And all the time a stream of women—for the most part young, educated, gently nurtured—passes through the police courts to the jail, there to suffer imprisonment along with common criminals, and many of them, with the heroism of fanaticism, to endure the agony of the hunger strike or the degradation and torment of being forcibly held down by men and women warders and fed through a tube. They are let out, in the extreme of exhaustion, before the sentences are served. The Government and the police engage in a grotesquely humiliating game of cat-and-mouse, catching Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Sylvia (Christabel being out of their reach in Paris) whenever they think that the ravages of the prison have been sufficiently repaired by a spell of regular meals and sleep. Meanwhile the misery and muddle, the cruelty and terror, continue. All authority is impotent. The world looks on in wonder and scorn, asking what has come over Britain with its vaunted genius for order and authority, its traditional love of freedom and fair play.

In America recently I was met at every turn by the challenge to explain this incredible situation. I formed the conclusion that to people outside England it was incredible and inexplicable because they were imperfectly informed as to the history of the movement, and especially the stages of blundering

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and bad faith through which the present seemingly hopeless tangle has been produced. Perhaps I can, without going into undue detail, make the thing reasonably clear.

In order to understand the story it is necessary to throw the mind back to 1905. In the autumn of that year, when it became evident that the Liberals were coming back to power with an immense backing in the country, the advance wing of the suffrage party—the Women's Social and Political Union—resolved to press upon the Liberal leaders the question of the parliamentary vote for women. For forty years it had been actively discussed in England. Statesmen had paid it lip-service; a majority of the Members of Parliament had given a verbal pledge; the House of Commons had learned to record an academic vote in its favor; and no progress of any kind was made. Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers determined to put an end to this state of things. They began by asking a question at public meetings addressed by Liberal leaders: Would the Liberal Government introduce a measure giving votes to women? Now every one who is acquainted with English political meetings knows that such questions are the rule, part of the unvarying procedure. But for some reason, never explained, the women who began by putting this particular question were not answered. They were not even tolerated. They were bundled out. And the first suffragists who went to prison were sent there for holding meetings outside the hall from which they had been ejected.

This was the initial and irretrievable blunder. If the Ministers and others responsible for Liberal meetings eight or nine years ago had had the common sense to allow women to put questions and to get answers, the chances are that militant suffragism, if it had come into existence at all, would have run a different and altogether less distressing course. As it was, the unhappy precedent was established. The women, stung by the folly and injustice of the business, pursued the method of questioning—first in the regular question interval, and later by direct and neatly timed interruptions of the speech itself—throughout the historic general election of 1906 and continually afterwards. The scene was always and everywhere the same. The moment a woman was seen to be standing up, a gust of frenzy would sweep over the meeting. (The English people, as you know, are immovably sober and restrained—so different from those excitable French and Americans!) The audience was in an instant transformed into a mob of lunatics—all on their feet, shaking with passion, yelling for the ejection or destruction of the woman creature who was guilty of the enormity of challenging a Liberal Minister on the application of the most elementary of Liberal principles.

This, then, was the first stage of the militant movement. The second was marked by more ambitious tactics—processions to the House of Commons, organized as deputations, but developing into raids; the systematic harassing of Ministers, and surprise demonstrations within the House of Commons itself. The Prime Minister and his colleagues exhibited a singular absence of tact and good humor in handling the affair. Mr. Asquith, of course, is an avowed and impenitent anti-suffragist, and he refused to receive deputations. When, therefore, Mrs. Pankhurst began heading groups of her followers towards the House, the precincts were defended in force, and the enterprise, time and again, degenerated into a piteous butting on the part of the women against a solid wall of policemen. On each occasion scores of women were arrested, and the majority in due course found their way to Holloway Jail, condemned to varying terms of imprisonment.

So far, it should be noticed, the suffragists had committed no violence; they had suffered it. Stewards threw them out of meetings with a roughness which in many instances caused serious and sometimes permanent injury; and those who went to prison, though convicted only of obstruction or similar minor misdemeanors, were subjected to the harshest discipline of the cells. Their claim to be treated as political offenders was rejected, the executive feeling secure in the support of a public becoming tired of the suffragist nuisance. And it must be said that all parties together—the Government, the legal authorities, and the women's leaders—appear to have done almost everything that could be done to make the situation worse. It is undeniable that the magistrates and police, in their anxiety to suppress the agitation, put the forms of the law to a severe strain. Charges unsupported by evidence or rebutted by the accused were made the pretext of vindictive sentences. The testimony of suffragist witnesses, people of known character and standing, was disbelieved. Prisoners were tried and sentenced in batches with no oppor-

(Continued on page following illustrations)

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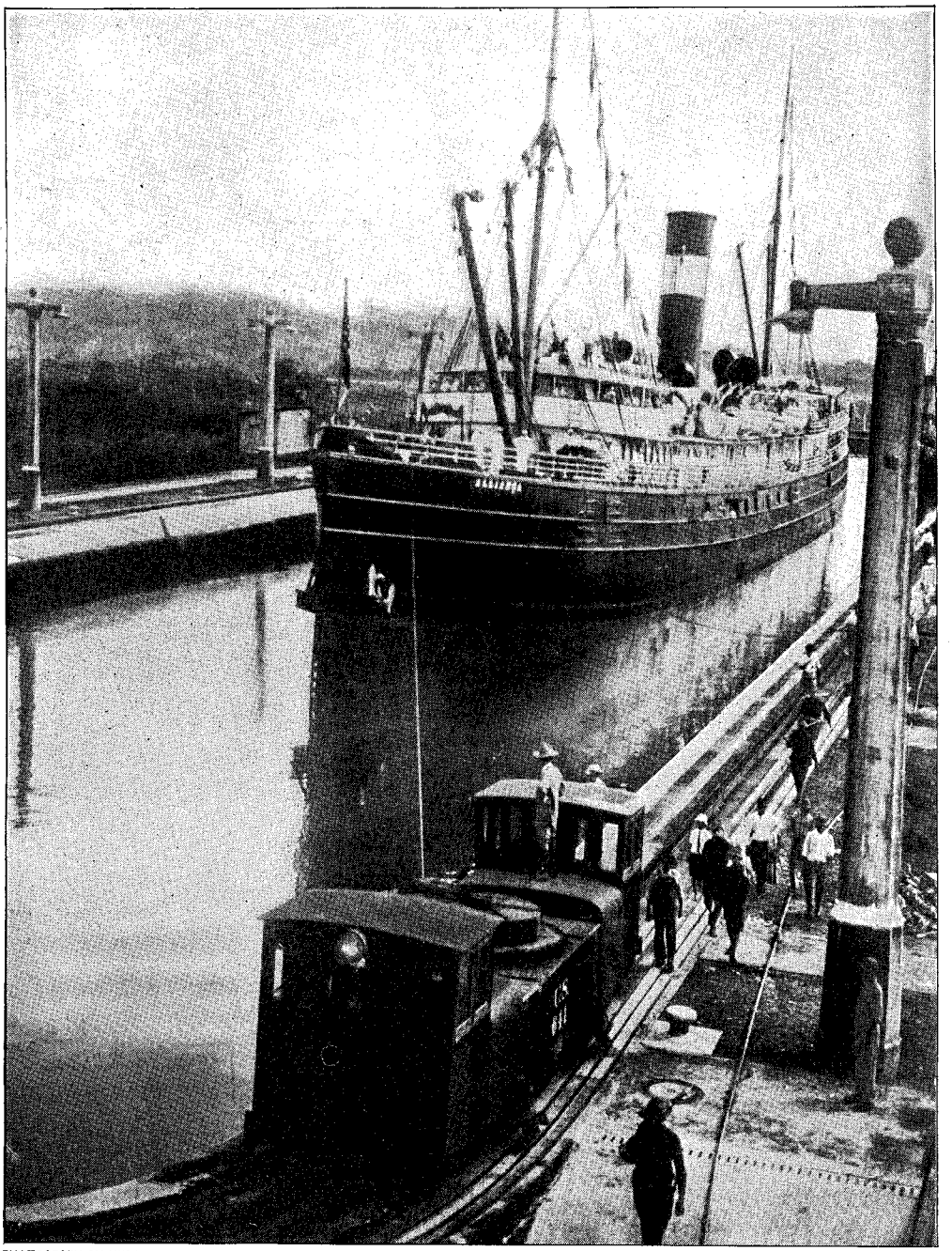
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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THE FIRST OCEAN-GOING VESSEL THAT PASSED THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

The steamship Alliance, belonging to the Panama Railroad Company, is shown in the picture as she was being towed through the Gatun Locks by two electric locomotives, one of which is seen in the foreground on the right. The Alliance carried 1,800 tons of cargo, and was sent through the Canal as a test by order of Colonel Goethals. She went through the Canal from ocean to ocean without a hitch

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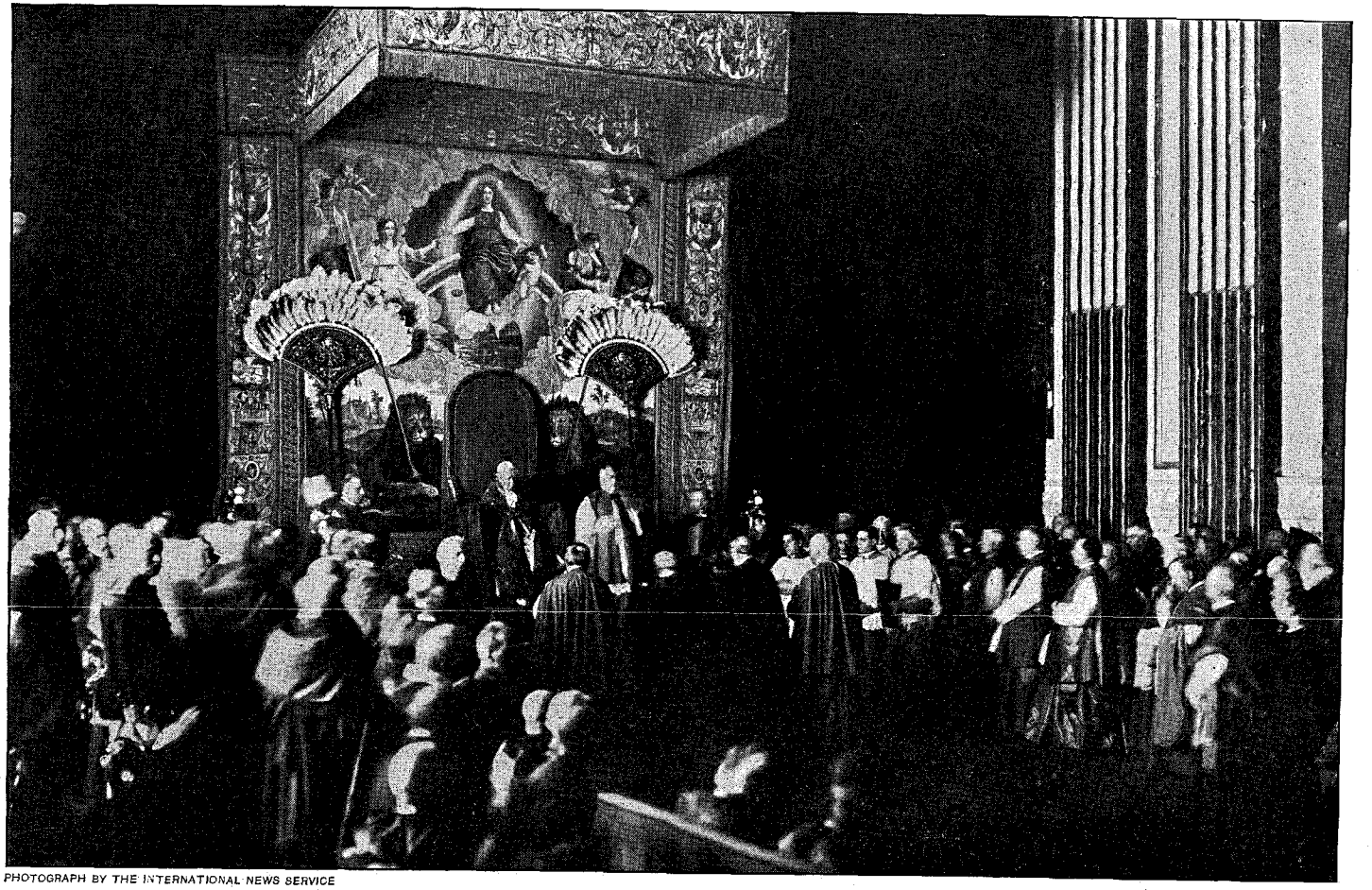

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THE POPE CREATING NEW CARDINALS AT A CONSISTORY IN ROME

The consistorial lawyers are to be seen standing before Pius X, who is seated on his throne. The creation of a new Cardinal is accompanied by several ceremonies, some of them conducted in secret consistory and others of a public character. The photograph shows the public ceremony at which the new Cardinal is presented with the "red hat"

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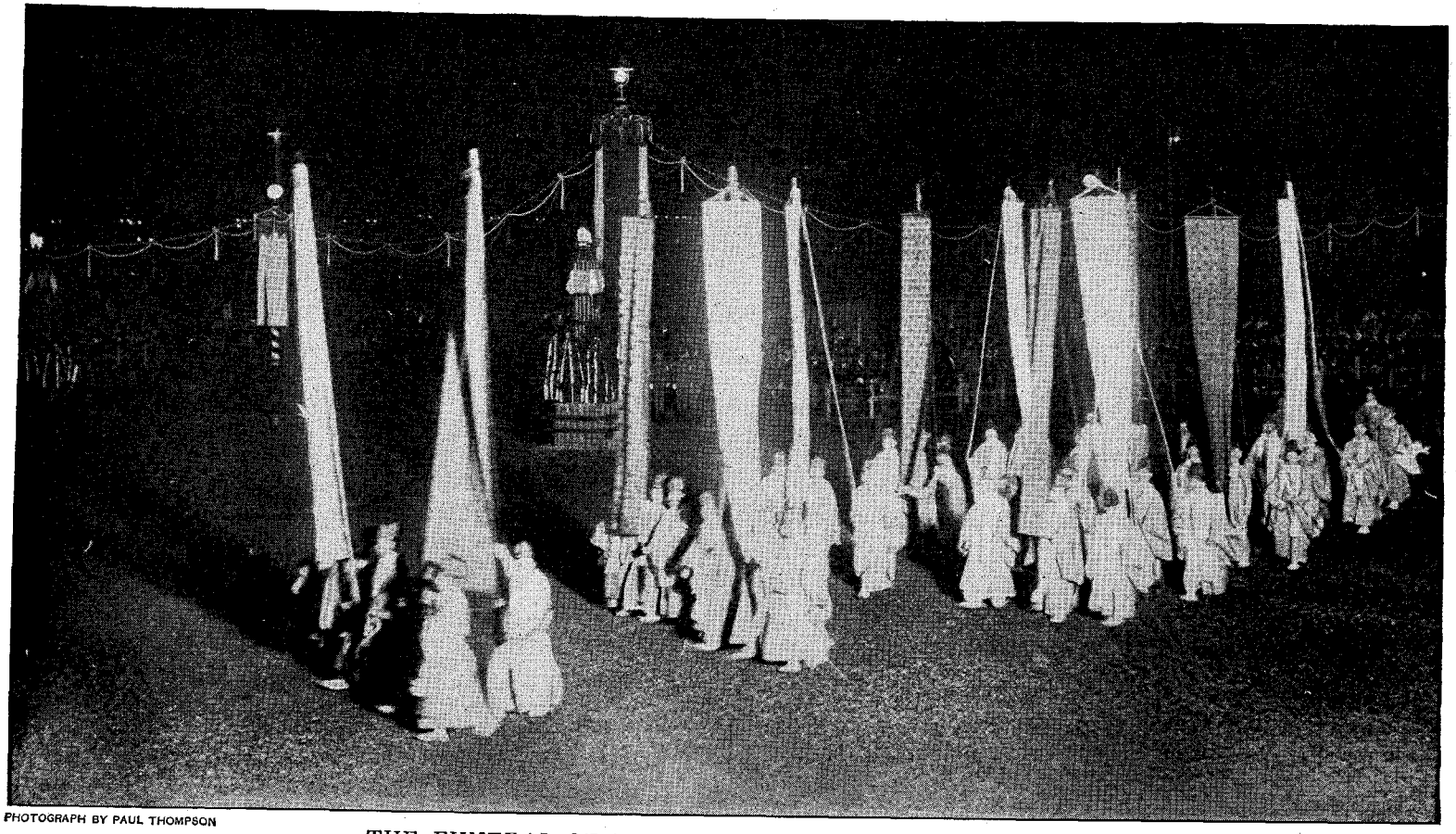

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

THE FUNERAL OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF JAPAN

This unusual photograph was taken by flashlight, the ceremony being conducted at night. The late Dowager Empress is described in The Outlook of April 25 as having been educated under the old régime, but as having become a leader in the Red Cross Society's work and in the movement for the higher education of women, thus "breaking with the tradition of a thousand years"

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MRS. PERCY V. PENNYBACKER, PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

Mrs. Pennybacker is a resident of Austin, Texas. She was born in Virginia in 1861; was for several years a school-teacher; was married in 1884; in 1894 became President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs in Texas; was elected President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in 1912. Her re-election this year at the recent convention of the Federation was without opposition

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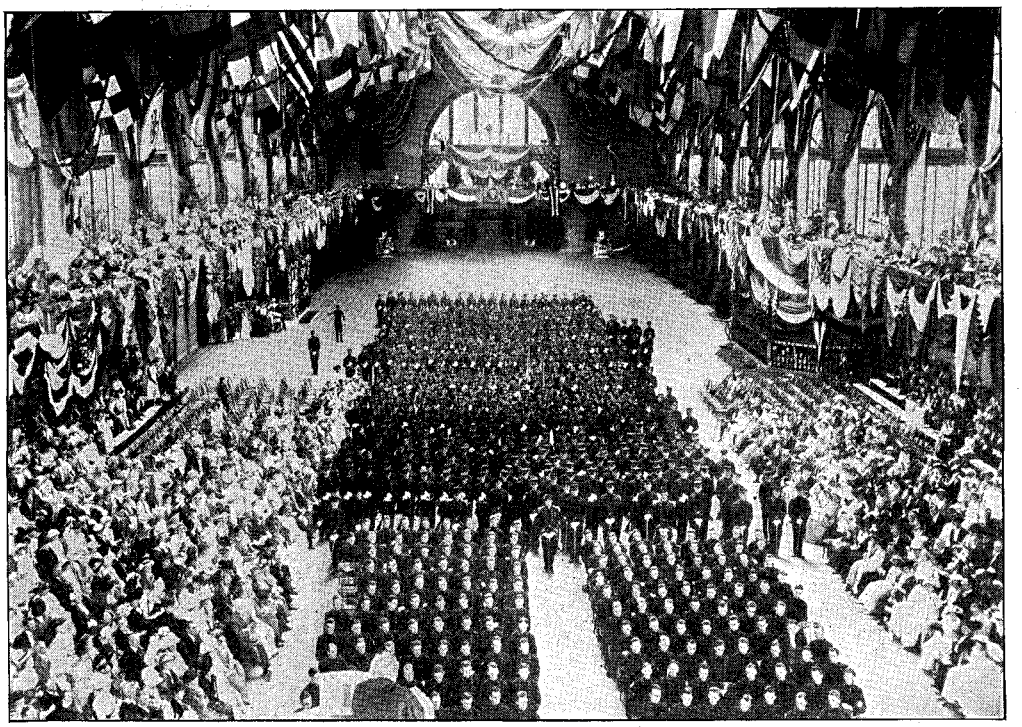
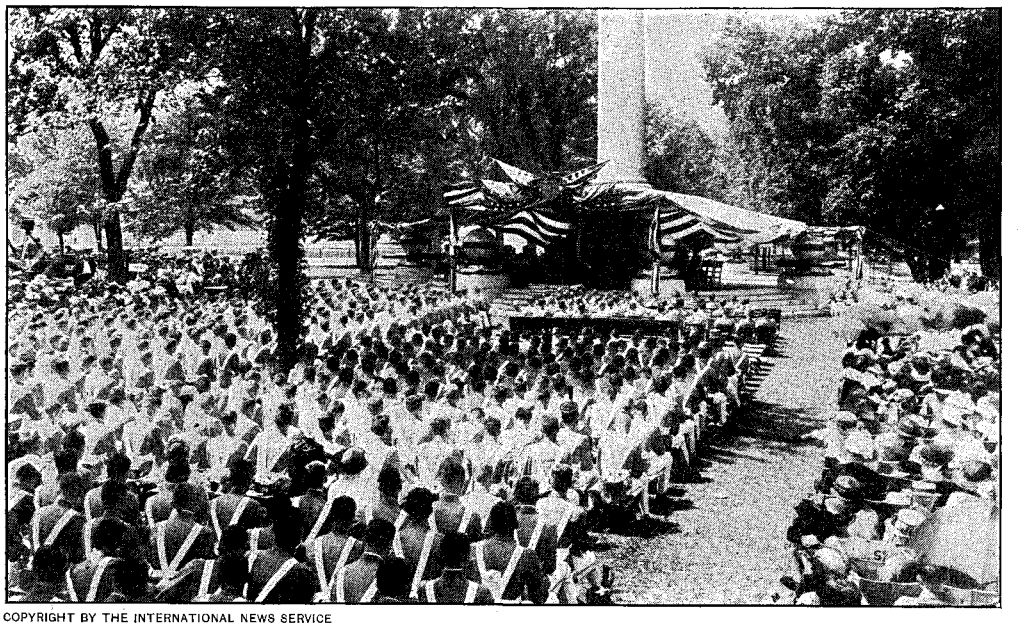


PHOTOGRAPH BY G. V. BUCK

THE ANNAPOLIS NAVAL SCHOOL'S GRADUATING EXERCISES



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THE GRADUATING EXERCISES OF THE CADETS AT WEST POINT, CLASS OF 1914

THE NATION'S FUTURE DEFENDERS

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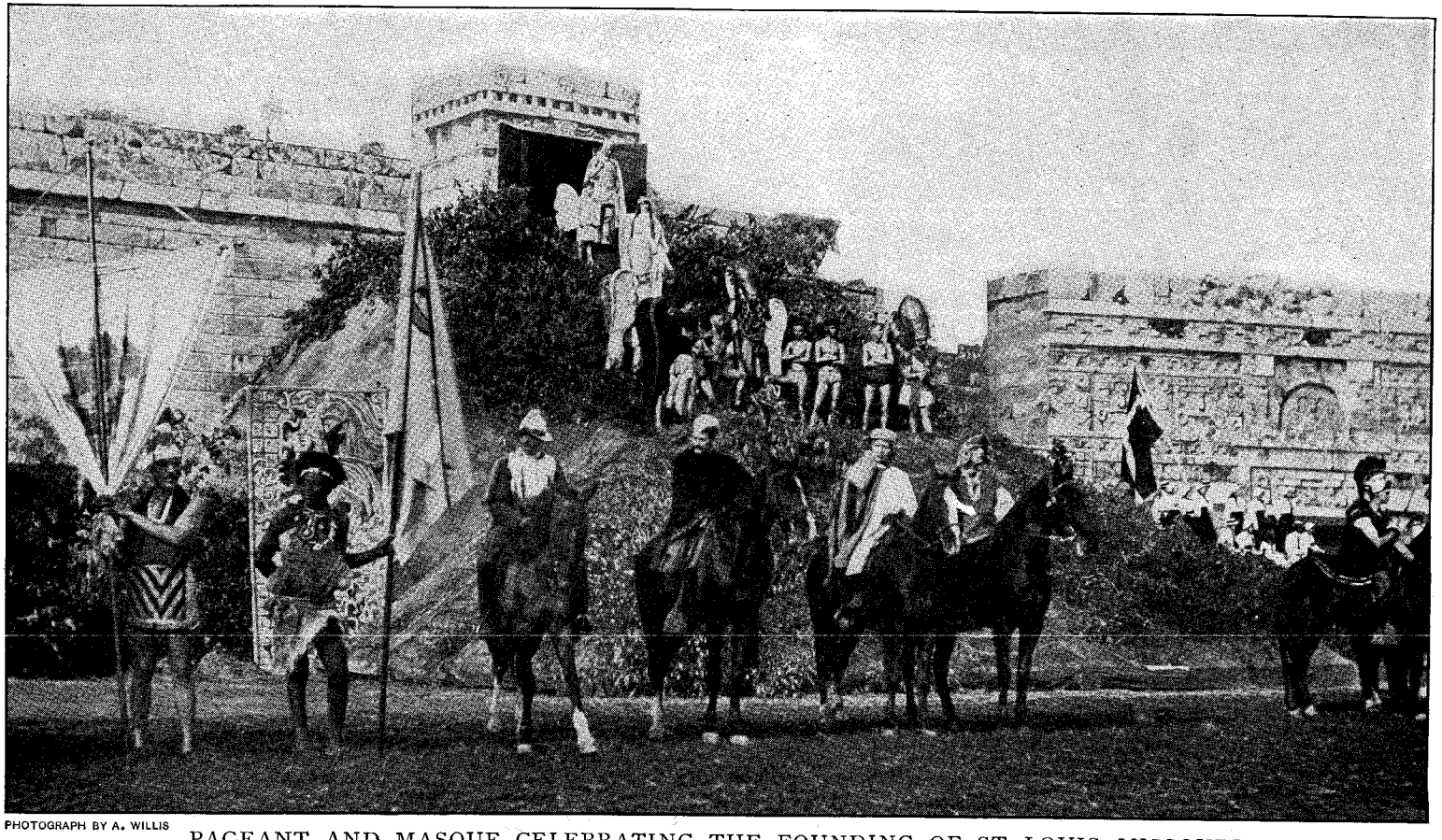

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. WILLIS

PAGEANT AND MASQUE CELEBRATING THE FOUNDING OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

The pageant, given the first of last month, was a historical review of the city's history from the earliest days, beginning with the Mound-Builders. It was written by Thomas Wood Stevens. The masque, by Percy MacKaye, is described as "an allegorical presentation of great beauty." The picture shows a part of the huge stage set for the masque. The old temples in the background are copies of Aztec ruins in Central America

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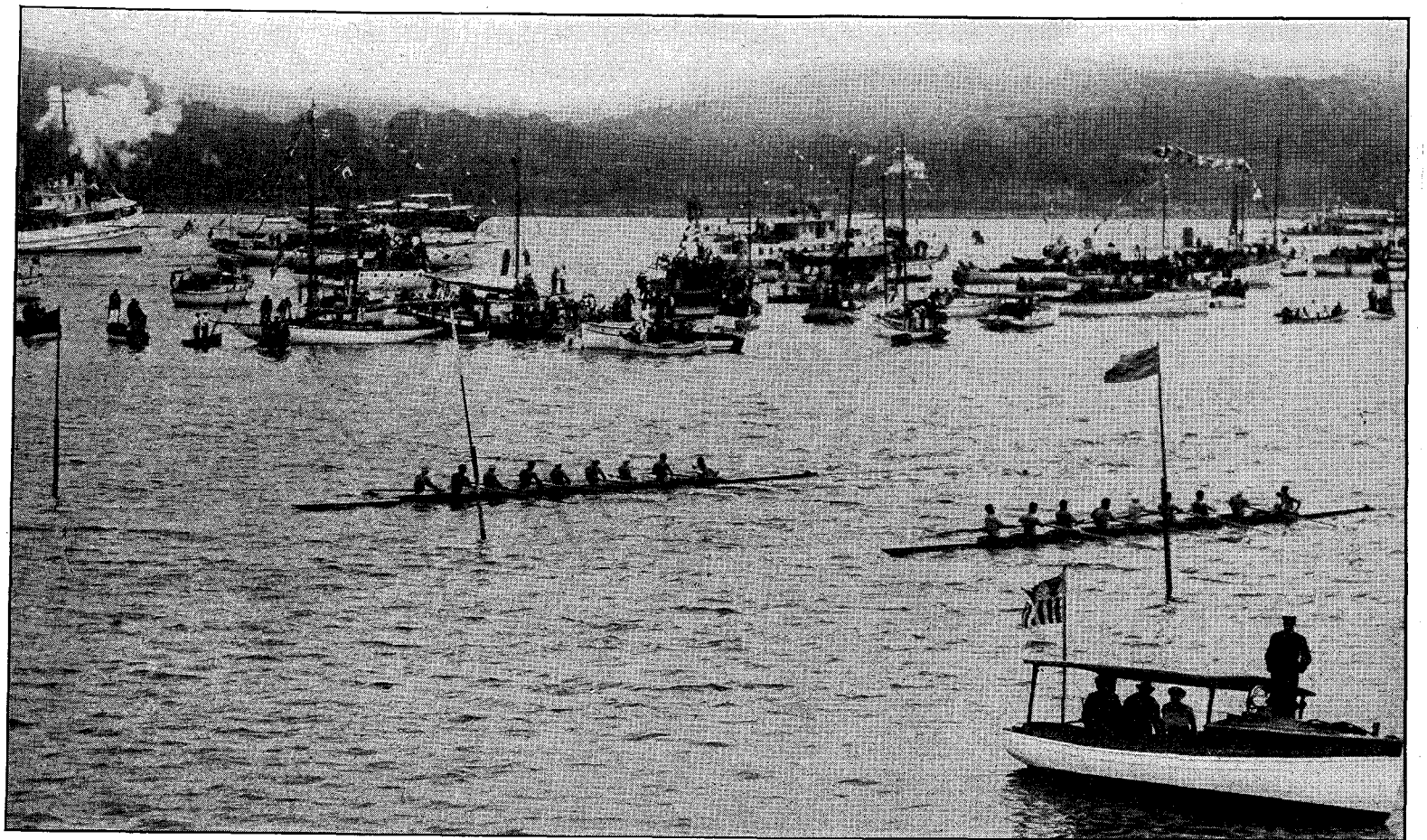

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE THRILLING END OF A MEMORABLE BOAT RACE

In the annual varsity boat race between Yale and Harvard on June 19 the finish was so close that the result was in doubt for several minutes to the vast crowd of enthusiastic onlookers. The decision was that Yale (shown on the right in the above picture) had won by four feet—only one-fifth of a second in time. This is said to have been the closest race ever rowed in the thirty-six years since Yale and Harvard have been having their annual boat races at New London

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FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH

JOHNNY CLEM, THE DRUMMER BOY OF CHICKAMAUGA

The remarkable story of "the youngest soldier of the Civil War," who is now the oldest officer, in point of length of service, in the United States army, is told elsewhere in this issue. The "Drummer Boy of Chickamauga" became one of the Nation's most popular heroes after his exploit at the battle, when he resisted capture and wounded the Confederate colonel who demanded his surrender

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tunity for defense. The suffragists, on the other hand, sought at the beginning of the troubles to discredit the procedure of the courts by refusing to recognize their jurisdiction. They adopted what turned out to be an untenable policy of non-resistance; as, for example, when Mrs. Pankhurst declined to provide herself with legal assistance when arrested for nothing worse than driving towards the Houses of Parliament. Later on the women's leaders learned, what men have known all along, that the most effective way of fighting either legal or illegal actions believed to be oppressive is the making use of all the resources of the existing law.

The change to tactics properly described as violent came in the summer of 1908, when the militant leaders sanctioned the resort to stone-throwing, particularly the breaking of windows, as a protest against the treatment of suffragists in prison and the persistent refusal of the Government either to receive deputations or to afford facilities for a Suffrage Bill in Parliament. Even yet, however, the violence was what the suffragists called "symbolic." But a worried magistracy and an exasperated public could not be expected to make fine distinctions, and the window-breaking was punished in the ordinary way, with the result that the more resolute of the prisoners adopted the baffling and self-destructive weapon of the hunger strike.

We are now in the third stage of the movement—the stage of miscellaneous and constantly extending violence, designed to make public life impossible by worrying and infuriating every section of the public that could be attacked. This involved not only such mild expedients as the wrecking of meetings and the upsetting of entertainments, but onslaughts upon the nation's treasures, deliberate destruction of property, and, finally, the pursuit of the King and Queen. (Incidentally, it should be pointed out that the first appeal to the King, peaceably planned, was the most unmistakably constitutional thing done by the militants. To suppress it by force was a grave blunder.) If we seek for the starting-point of this latest deplorable development, we shall find it, first, in an incident which the suffragists regard as the treachery of Parliament, and, secondly, in the disgust and fury of the militant women at the cat-and-mouse law and the continued practice of forcible feeding. A word on both these points.

Midway in the agitation the Prime Minister made a verbal concession to the suffragists. His own antagonism, he explained, was unaltered, but the strength of the movement and the skill with which the demonstrations were conducted had made an impression on the Government. They would, accordingly, give ample facilities for the prosecution of the cause in Parliament. A Manhood Suffrage Bill was to come before the Commons. It would be open to the House to adopt an amendment providing for the enfranchisement of women. If such an amendment were passed, the Government would accept the decision and would then press the bill through upon the basis of equal suffrage. So far, good: but what happened? When the bill reached the amending stage and all the suffragist forces were marshaled, the Speaker of the Commons ruled that a woman's suffrage amendment involved a fundamental change in the Constitution, and as such was out of order. The Prime Minister expressed surprise and regret. The bill was dropped. And there is not an intelligent women in England who is not convinced that the suffragists were betrayed by a deliberate use of the forms of Parliament.

Then as to prison torture. When the cat-and-mouse act was introduced, the Government was warned that it was certain to fail. The expedient was both barbarous and futile; it would inevitably make the authorities a laughing-stock for the world. It was designed primarily for the suppression of Mrs. Pankhurst; but she survives—a living, or rather a ghostly, terror. As for forcible feeding, whatever the provocation, the British people will not long endure the reproach of continuing a practice which may involve, as in one recent case, the feeding by force of a woman prisoner more than two hundred times. And, despite official denials, it is impossible to say that the feeding has not been accompanied by practices of a peculiarly horrible character.

But why not, the American reader will say, allow the rebellious women to earn the crown of martyrdom? Why not let them die in prison? That is the question now being asked on all hands in England, and answered, on both sides, with intensity of passion. The plain fact is (America will hardly believe it) that the English Minister does not live who would dare to allow Mrs. Pankhurst to die in prison. I remember, when the suggestion was first made, speaking to a prominent Liberal politician on the subject. His words

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reflected the terror of the Liberal leaders. "It's all very well," said he, "to say, Let Mrs. Pankhurst die. But when she is dead she has to be buried, and her funeral procession through London would be a portent which no Government responsible for her death could survive!" That may or may not be an accurate reading of possibilities. But it revealed the mind of the Government in a flash.

We come, then, to the question of policy, the way out of a hideous mess to which the civilized world furnishes no parallel. If one should attempt to state the queries uppermost in the minds of most observers, they would, I think, suggest themselves thus:

1. Can the lawless activities of the militant women be stopped by more and more rigorous measures of repression?

2. If not, what steps will the British Government take to put an end to a condition of affairs under which the nerves and temper of the nation have reached the breaking point?

3. In any case, is it likely or possible that after what has happened and is happening the women of England can be given the vote?

I will try to reply to these questions in a few sentences.

1. Violence in a movement of this kind cannot be stayed by violence. It is true that the lawless women are a microscopic minority. But they are prepared to go all lengths, up to the point of self-immolation. What they are doing, needless to say, is condemned by the whole people, and by the vast majority of the women suffragists who up to now have been advocates of aggressive tactics. But this multitude of women want what the wild women want, and they include the greater part of the educated women of the country. They are sick and weary of the whole miserable business; but thousands of them, and hundreds of the finest, ask you to consider the unimaginable pluck that will carry a woman through a course of such defiance. If the Government decides to treat the violent section as lunatics, the difficulty is not lessened. They will still be prepared for martyrdom. And every time Mrs. Pankhurst is entrapped and released the cause gains fresh recruits.

2. It is proposed to break down the movement by proceeding against the subscribers to the militant organization and confiscating the war chest. The subscribers include hundreds of members of the governing families, and honorable women not a few. Against such the Government is powerless. Again, if the violence were suppressed, the milder forms of militancy would not be got rid of. Public men would still have to be protected. Every Minister of the Crown would still have to be ready to answer the challenge of the woman he takes in to dinner. There is, you would say, no end to it. The case against militancy has never been put so well as by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. In revolutions, he says, something happens; in the suffragist business nothing happens. "You can only knock the King's head off once, but you can knock his hat off a hundred times." Quite true; but no man, certainly no monarch, will endure to have his hat knocked off a hundred times. If his Ministers can't protect him, he will dismiss them. And no politician's nerves can bear up against the multifarious persecution of his women opponents. He will give in.

3. Yes; it is not only possible, but inevitable. I believe that at bottom every serious student of English affairs realizes that, in one form or another, the demand of women for full citizenship is certain to be recognized. The Prime Minister who, in the near future, shall propose to do this (Sir Edward Grey or some one else) will explain that the vote is being given to women as a measure of justice fully due, and in spite of the wicked and shameful antics of a few decadent and hysterical members of the sex. And when he says that the nation will agree and applaud. The other day, in reply to the question whether the hunger-strikers should be allowed to die, Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote:

> As we have neither conviction enough to dare starve the militants to death nor common sense enough to pledge ourselves to an inevitable reform, there is nothing to be done but wait until the women provoke the mob to lynch them and the Government hangs a satisfactory number of the mob in expiation. Then the women will get their votes, after the last inch of mischief and suffering has been squeezed out of a situation which several civilized and reasonable countries have already disposed of without the slightest trouble. That is England all over.

Mr. Shaw, as we all know, has his own heightened and telling way of putting things. It may be that we shall not hang any hooligans. But for the rest, the word of this prophet will be fulfilled. And the event may prove to be a lamentable thing for us all. For violence is the parent of anarchy and savagery.

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THE WIFE

BY MABEL EARLE

Up to my door there came last night
  Still feet upon the stair;
I saw him in the gray moonlight—
  The man I thought you were.

What suns had set no more to rise
  Since last he drew the latch!
I had forgotten those grave eyes
  Wherein my hope kept watch.

I bowed my face upon his arm—
  O peace, O rest at length!
The winter world grew young and warm
  For joy of his white strength.

I felt his hand upon my head,
  His kiss upon my brow;
"Sweetheart, I never lived," he said;
  "I am not living now.

"Yet I was sent to bid you bide
  The day of dreams come true,
When hungerings shall be satisfied,
  And old things be made new.

"Love, hold me in your heart," he said,
  "Until the night be past;
And when our Lord God wakes the dead
  I too shall live at last."

So he went out away from me,
  With still feet on the stair;—
The man you have not dared to be,
  The man I thought you were.

"THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN"

BY IRENE P. McKEEHAN

The wonder of the unutterable world
Uplifts me from the long and dull routine;
Ear hath not heard nor eye of man hath seen
All its bewildering glories high unfurled,
Or challenge of a myriad voices hurled
Against earth's battlements of living green,—
Above whose endless vigils ever lean
Immortal lights through glimmering darkness whirled.

Yet ear of man hath heard the skylark rise,
The tireless wind amid the pine-trees old,
And great sea-song of the tide that calls and thrills.

Yea, eye of man hath seen the splendid skies,
The fair dawn-clouds shot through and through with gold,
The shining heads of the undisturbèd hills.

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FROM NURSERY TO BATTLEFIELD

BY COLONEL JOHN L. CLEM, U. S. A.

"THE DRUMMER BOY OF CHICKAMAUGA"

I WAS the youngest soldier that served in the Civil War. Almost literally it might be said that I went from the nursery to the battlefield.

Only a few days after the battle of Chickamauga I was captured by the enemy, and while a prisoner I was kept on the march most of the time. General "Joe" Wheeler, who was in command, took delight in exhibiting me to the women we came across, saying on each occasion, with a chuckle:

"See to what sore straits the Yankees are driven, when they have to send their babies to fight us!"

At that time I was barely twelve years of age. I was not yet ten years old when, in May, 1861, I offered my valuable services as a drummer to Captain McDougal, of the Third Ohio Regiment of Volunteers, which was on its way to the front. He looked me over, laughed, and said he wasn't enlisting infants.

This was at Newark, Ohio, where at the time I was going to school. My mother was dead; my father had no notion of allowing me to go to the war. Accordingly, I decided to run away. The spirit of adventure had gripped me. It was necessary that the Union should be preserved, and my help was obviously needed.

I climbed aboard the train with the men of the Third Ohio, got passage in that way as far as Cincinnati, and there I offered myself to the Twenty-third Michigan Regiment. Again I was rejected, by reason of my age; but this time I was not to be kept from joining by any mere legal obstacle. I went along with the regiment just the same as a drummer boy, and, though not on the muster-roll, drew a soldier's pay of thirteen dollars a month. The pay was not drawn from Government funds, however. It came out of the personal pockets of officers of the regiment, who "chipped in" to make up the amount.

From the view-point of the Twenty-second Michigan, I was a member in full standing of that military family—the baby of the regiment. I wore a soldier's uniform, cut down by the regimental tailor from man's size. Later on, after a little shooting scrape in which I was engaged at Chickamauga, accounts of which obtained a rather wide publicity, some kind ladies in Chicago secured my measurements from officers of the regiment and made with their own hands a very handsome uniform for me, to my great joy and pride.

I slept in a tent with two soldiers, drew the regular army ration—the principal items of which were pork (commonly called "sow-belly"), beans, hardtack, and coffee—and, of course, had my own knife and fork, tin plate, tin cup, and tin spoon. In all the hardships of war I endured my share—such as marching in rain or snow, sleeping without protection against the elements, and on occasions going hungry. On the other hand, there was a great deal of fun in camp. We used to play handball, townball, and "one-cat and two-cats"—all three of these games being rudimentary forms of baseball.

As for provender, the regular soldiers' fare was often varied and amplified by the proceeds of foraging expeditions. Boys, being constitutionally devoid of respect for the property rights of other people, are first-class foragers.

I remember one occasion, in Kentucky, when, just before the battle of Perryville, I had shot a little pig. Positive orders against foraging had been issued from headquarters, and great was my dismay when caught with the game in my possession by General Doolittle, who came along most inopportunely and demanded to know what I meant by such an outrage.

There was nothing to do but to bluff it out, so I replied, "Why, General, you wouldn't let a rebel pig bite you?"

That is all there is of the story—except that General Doolittle had part of the pig for his own supper that night.

The Civil War was largely a boys' war, one might say. Three out of every ten soldiers enlisted on the Union side were under twenty-one years of age. The minimum age of enlistment, under the law, was eighteen; but there were thousands much younger than that who managed to get themselves accepted as recruits. I was youngest of all, and decidedly the littlest, being small for my age.

Boys, generally speaking, were mighty welcome in the regiments. Their youthful enthusiasm counted for a good deal, and, as a

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rule, they made excellent soldiers. If I had control of affairs in time of war, I would permit, and even encourage, the enlistment of boys. They are good for an army, and for the boys the training and experience are most valuable.

I had some narrow escapes, though I was wounded only twice—once when a piece of shell struck me in the hip, and the other time, at Atlanta, when, while carrying a despatch from General Thomas to General Logan, a ball nipped my ear. On the latter occasion my pony was killed under me. These were mere scratches.

At Shiloh my drum was smashed by a fragment of shell. They called me "Johnny Shiloh" for a while after that. But I ought to explain that in May, 1862, I became a full-fledged soldier, being regularly enlisted at Covington, Kentucky, as a drummer.

At Chickamauga I carried a musket, the barrel of which had been sawed off to a length suitable to my size. I went into the battle seated on a caisson alongside of an artilleryman. If I may judge from historical accounts, it was quite a considerable scrimmage; but my own recollection of it is to some extent confused.

At the close of the day the Union forces were retiring toward Chattanooga, and my brigade was sore beset by the enemy. In fact, we were in a tight place. A Confederate colonel rode up and yelled at me, "Surrender, you damned little Yankee!"

Raising my musket without aiming, I pulled the trigger, and he fell off his horse, badly wounded.

It was this incident, a report of which was spread through the newspapers, that inspired the Chicago ladies of whom I have spoken with the idea of providing a fine uniform for little Johnny Clem. I am glad to be able to add that, according to advices afterwards received, the Confederate colonel recovered from his wound.

As I have said, however, it was a tight place. Three musket balls (as I subsequently ascertained) went through my cap. I decided that the best policy was to fall dead for the moment, and so I did. I lay dead until after dark, when I "came alive" again and managed to find my way to Chattanooga.

When I got there, I was made a sergeant. Think of it—my first promotion! I was a sergeant at twelve years of age.

At Chattanooga I saw General Grant. He knew me. Said he to General Thomas, "Where did you pick up little John?"

Said General Thomas, "At Chickamauga; and I have made him a sergeant."

Looking up at him with boyish impudence, I said, "General, is that all you are going to make me?"

They both laughed at that. But, though I served all through the war, I got no further promotion.

When somebody asked me why I laid aside the drum and took up the musket, I replied that it was because I did not like to stand and be shot at without shooting back. What answer could be more obvious? I imagine that any soldier, boy or man, would feel that way.

A few days after the battle of Chickamauga I was captured, and was held a prisoner for two months before being exchanged. It was at this period that I was exhibited by General "Joe" Wheeler as the fighting Yankee "baby."

My captors had no sympathetic interest in Yankee babies in uniform. They stole my jacket; they stole my shoes; they even stole my cap, which I was most anxious to preserve, on account of the bullet holes. I wish I had it now.

I would like, by way of parenthesis, to say a word about the qualifications of boys as soldiers.

Boys make first-rate soldiers. To begin with, they have in highest degree what the French call *élan*, a word feebly translated as "dash." They are, above all, ambitious to do things, and in them the spirit of caution is not yet developed. It is notoriously a fact that the fighter most dangerous to the enemy is the man who himself is not afraid of being killed.

War is bald, naked savagery. Disguise the fact though we may try, it properly bears that definition. As compared with the adult man, the boy is near to the savage.

He can fire a gun as well as a man. He endures hardships at least as well. He is as quick to acquire education in the military art. He responds better than the man to discipline, because he is accustomed to obey. In some respects he takes care of his bodily health better, actually. For example, the adult soldier, sleepy, will go to bed without his supper. Not so the boy. He will get a meal somehow before bed, though he has to rout the mess cook out with the cook's own kitchen poker.

When it is a question of command, of

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course the matter is very different. Judgment is the prime requisite there, and this is a quality which boys can scarcely be expected to develop. Nevertheless, in the Civil War there were a number of instances where very young men earned distinction as officers. General Custer, for example, was a brigadier-general at twenty-four.

I was myself engaged in quite a number of battles of the Civil War—Stone River, Resaca, Kenesaw, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Nashville, and others. At the end of that great conflict I was honorably mustered out; and thereupon I tried to enter as a cadet at West Point.

But, alas! for entrance at the Point schooling, rather than military experience, was the prime requisite. I had left school to go to war before I was ten years old, and my scholarship was sadly in arrears. I failed to pass the examinations.

That was certainly hard luck. What is the use of being a Civil War veteran, bearing honorable scars, if in one's old age—the age of twenty, let us say, in sight—one is turned down by an unappreciative Government?

I thought I would speak of the matter to my old acquaintance and military comrade General Grant, who was at that time occupying the White House. I went to see him.

I told him that I had failed to get into the Point, and that I meant to try for a civilian appointment in the army. His reply was, "We can do better than that. I will appoint you now a second lieutenant, and will send you down to Fortress Monroe to catch up with your studies."

My commission as second lieutenant, dated December 19, 1871, made me an officer in the regular army of the United States, in which, at the present time, I am the only veteran of the Civil War on the active list.

A SHOP TALK TO MACHINISTS

BY CHARLES STELZLE

WHEN I was in the machine-shop, I could always tell, without looking at the signature, who made the particular drawing from which I was working. There was something peculiar about the lines and the curves which were characteristic of the draughtsman who did the job. A "Reid" drawing was very different from a "Schmidt" drawing, even though the general subject was the same.

It was the same way with a "chipping" job—the marks of the chisel revealed the identity of the machinist who was responsible for it. And so it was with file-marks and polishing jobs—the name of the mechanic stood out as plainly as though it were written there in acid. Every fellow puts something of his own personality into his daily work. He does it in spite of himself. And the way that he does his work reveals his true character. You can always judge of a man by the job that he turns out. Talk about somebody keeping a record somewhere off in heaven of the deeds done on earth! Every fellow is writing his own record with hammer and chisel, with file and pen.

One draughtsman I have in mind was given a good deal of liberty in the way that he worked out the details of his drawing. He was original in some very important particulars. You know there's a lot of difference between machines made in this country and those made in some European countries. There's a difference in weight and in shape and in general appearance even in machines that turn out the same product. It's a question of taste and judgment as to detail. But this is true of every successful machine that was ever designed or constructed—it was built upon well-defined mechanical principles from which there cannot possibly be any deviation. It is the same with the plans for your life. You may work where and at what you please. You are given considerable liberty as to the details of your occupation; but you can't build up a successful life without obeying the laws of honor and integrity. Your lives are different one from the other—no two of you look alike or act alike in even some of the most important things; but every man whose life is going to count for much must obey the laws of the Almighty.

I had a chum when I was in the machine-shop; he was a pattern-maker apprentice. I used to eat my lunch with him, and I was

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always interested in the jobs that he was turning out, because I knew that soon I'd handle the same job, but in a different form. He was making the wooden pattern; I would handle the cast product. There was one thing about his job that always fascinated me—he worked from a "pattern-maker's rule." Now, you know that a pattern-maker's rule is different from a machinist's rule; if the casting is to be made of iron, the special rule that he uses is an eighth or three-sixteenths of an inch longer per foot than the machinist's rule, and if the casting is to be made of brass, the rule is about a quarter of an inch longer per foot than the standard scale. This is so because when the pattern is placed in the sand by the molder, and the hot metal is poured in, it shrinks when it cools off just about in proportion to the difference between the pattern-maker's rule and the machinist's standard rule. When that nice, clean, polished wooden pattern is put into the dirty sand and is really on the job, it "suffers" in the process—the finished job is smaller than the pattern.

Beethoven tells us that his beautiful symphony is but an echo of the music he heard in his dream. It lost its divinest charm when he transferred it to the manuscript. It may be easier to build castles in the air than to construct huts upon the ground; but the man who never has a vision—an ideal—can't even build a hut that's worth while. The dreamer has his place in the world's work; for every machine and every great enterprise was dreamed out before it was worked out.

A wise philosopher once wrote, "Hitch your wagon to a star." Now, that's mighty good advice, so long as you manage to keep the wheels on the ground. But the thought that the philosopher had in mind was that we were to have high ideals—large patterns—because in this practical every-day world these high ideals are sure to suffer when they are subjected to the commonplace duties of life.

There was a big, fat machinist in my department. He must have over weighed three hundred pounds. Now, you'd think that this big German—his name was Miller—would move around most ponderously. But not much. He ran a little speed lathe that spun around at lightning speed. To keep pace with that machine Miller had to hustle. When he went to the grindstone, he ran lickety-split. There was another fellow down in the basement who ran a big six-foot lathe. He was a fine, athletic-looking chap. His name was Thompson. You'd expect this man to be a sprinter in his movements; but he wasn't. The reason of it was that his great, slow-revolving lathe had set his pace for life. Sometimes it seemed that his lathe scarcely moved. And so Thompson didn't have to move very fast while he was working. Neither did he move very fast when he wasn't working.

Did you ever notice when a man began to use a hammer at one end of the shop and set up a steady, rhythmic tap-tap-tap, and then some other fellow began to use a hammer within the sound of the first one, that the second chap kept exact time with the other? You see, we are influenced on every side. By the men that we work with and by the very machines of which we are supposed to be masters—actually, the latter frequently master us. There's a lot in the statement that some men are chained to the machine they run.

Now, to overcome these influences when they are bad we need to have big ideals. There are some workingmen whose motto in life is simply, "Meat, malt, and mattress"—eat, drink, and sleep. Mighty poor ideal; don't you think so? You apprentices and young mechanics, in particular, don't ever permit yourselves to degenerate into commonplace workingmen. I mean men who become careless of their manners and their dress, and who think of no higher things in life than to drift into the saloon at the end of the day's work, and then go home, half drowsy, and make themselves a nuisance to their wives and children, who may be struggling to maintain some degree of culture and refinement.

There is no reason why even an ordinary workingman may not enjoy the very best things in life—the things that really count for most. He may enjoy a beautiful sunset; why not? You think that's a "dopy" sort of thing for a workingman? Do you? Well, then, I feel sorry for you. For the rich man enjoys no better sunset. True, he may enjoy more of them; but not any of them are better than yours. The workingman may read the same books that the rich man enjoys. He may see the same pictures. He may be thrilled by the same music. The flowers are the same. Don't cheapen yourself by saying that these things are not for you. They are by far the most beautiful things that enter into any man's life—except

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friendships—and these may be yours, too. But there's a verse in the Bible that says, in effect, if a man would have friends, he must show himself friendly. Don't get off into a corner and sulk, and regard yourself abused because nobody makes much of you; come out and be a friend to somebody else!

We hear a lot these days about "anti-poverty societies." But, take it from me, no society can do for a man what he will not try to do for himself. The successful man does not look "out" for opportunities; he looks "in," for that's where most of the chances come from.

What would you think of a machinist who should go to the scrap-heap and pick out a cracked cog-wheel and put it into an otherwise perfect machine? You'd call him a fool. But this is precisely what some men are doing in building character. They are putting scrap-pile material into their lives. Some day they will be put to the test and they'll go to smash on account of the weakness caused by a single night's revelry. The cracked cog-wheel may soon send the entire machine to the scrap-pile; but there's no scrap-pile for the human soul—it lives on forever.

JAPAN TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

THE INLAND SEA

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

AT the first glance the map of Japan, as with that of Switzerland, looks very much like a geographical puzzle—so much country is in the air, so to speak. As in Switzerland, it is not the area, but the altitude, which complicates the geography; with the further confusion of vast and irregular lines of seacoast. Not content with thousands of miles of exterior coast, Japan has an Inland Sea which is, to the visitor at least, a beautiful and baffling mystery. From the hills behind Kobe, on one of those days when the last veil is not lifted from the face of the world, it has the mystery and allurement of a sea in fairy-land. Through the soft mist, luminous with sunlight, a myriad sails are flitting, coming from one knows not what strange harbors, bound to one knows not what strange ports with unpronounceable names. As the mist shifts, now revealing and now concealing the fleet of boats on pleasure or on business bent, the picture has all the delicate suggestiveness of Japanese painting, which leaves the student largely to his own devices.

But the Inland Sea is not a school for painters, nor a summer sea for pleasure-seekers; it is a serious ocean of immense service to commerce. It is a waterway of nearly two hundred and fifty miles almost in the center of Japan; on the west is the shore of the mainland, if that word may be used to designate the island which is the heart of Japan; on the east is the island of Shikoku, with channels to the Pacific at either end; and at the south is the island of Kyushu, the home of so much stirring history and of so many of the heroes of Old and the leaders of Modern Japan. But these words merely draw boundary lines, and the mystery of the Inland Sea is in the islands that rise out of its depths or lie on its surface like fragments of a wrecked continent. The Japanese count them into the thousands; and one is ready to believe that geography has outstripped mathematics in this world in which land and water seem almost interchangeable. The Japanese pilots, who have doubtless been familiar with the complications of Japanese chess from their youth up, find their way as if by instinct through channels between islands so small that they seem to serve no purpose but to form a marine puzzle. Tremendous forces were once at play rather than at work here, and many of the islands tempt one to believe that the volcanic energy which gave the Empire its form and shape was in a blithesome mood here some day a million years ago. There are larger islands of mountainous lift and contour, and there are a myriad small islands of every shape save those that are familiar, and of every imaginable size. These tiny islets are not content to spread at ease on the level water; they often rise to ambitious heights, sometimes

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green with foliage, sometimes gray and ominous rocks of fantastic form. The charm of the sea lies not alone in the picturesque lines and colors of these bits of land sown, so to speak, on its surface, but in the ever-changing landscape from which one emerges at points where there seemed no opening to escape into other landscapes through channels which elude the untrained eye of the landsman. Even the frugal and hardy Japanese, to whom odds and ends of land which most races would count mere geographical refuse are challenges to skill and work, find some of these islands too small or too precipitous for occupation; but on every available island little houses cling to the sides, and, if there is room enough, villages of aquatic farmers—half fishermen and half farmers—dot the shores, and fishing-boats and trading-junks spin the webs of commerce from island to island. In pleasant weather the Inland Sea is enchanting; in all weather it is a highway for trade and travel, not only from point to point within its protecting shores, but from the ports in China and farther away—ports with names that bring the sights and sounds of the Far East with them, as the East India ships of the old times at the docks of New England seaports brought the odors of the far-away Orient spices to boys seeking adventure on half-holidays.

The ideal exploration of the Inland Sea is by yacht if means and fair weather conspire to make a vacation happier than a "Roman holiday," for this sea has enchantments that demand leisure and a mind indifferent to time and dates. But for the democracy of travel, denied these special privileges, there are very comfortable steamers which traverse the sea in about twenty hours, and are supplemented by boats of lighter draught which make their way through the shallow channels between the islands. If one is in search of rest and can take it in the Japanese way, he will find it in little inns in little communities with unpronounceable names.

He will not escape Hiroshima, with its castle and charming garden; and at Miyajima he will find himself at one of the shrines of beauty in Japan, an enchanted island, rocky and wooded, and so sacred that formerly births and deaths were forbidden—a prohibition so drastic that it could not be enforced even in Japan. Miniature valleys, green and inviting, run down to the sea and make a charming background for the inns and tea-houses which provide for the entertainment of pilgrims, and for the little houses of the fishermen and carvers of images who make up the working population. There are no dogs on the island, but there are impertinent and noisy crows, and the deer are as numerous and tame as in the park at Nara.

The temple or temples had a wide reputation for magnificence centuries ago; but to-day the most striking feature of the religious uses of the island is the *torii* which rises out of the sea, and is one of the "things Japanese" most widely used on post-cards and for decorative advertisements. By moonlight, when the piles on which the temples rest are obscured or suffer a sea change, there are few views in the world that take greater liberties with the imagination. A very pretty and symbolic tradition declares that the fire on a small shrine on a hill near the center of the island was lighted by the famous sage Kobo Daishi and has never gone out.

The Strait of Shimonoseki, at the end of the Inland Sea, separates the main island from the island of Kyushu, and, with its framing of hills, reminds one of the Bay of Naples; on a bright morning, when the sunlight lies on curving shore and wooded height, and flashes and sparkles from the face of the water broken into a thousand surfaces by the currents that rush from sea to sea, the loveliness of the landscape, with the life and color of the sea pulsing through it, has the freshness and vitality of a new-made world. The tall chimneys and big, ugly buildings in one locality convince the most enthusiastic lover of a landscape which is yet to be adequately celebrated that business has had time to intrench itself at the western gateway of Japan. Not far away are secluded temples almost hidden by ancient pines which seem mutely to protest against an intrusion which they are powerless to avert.

History, both ancient and modern, has been enacted here on a great scale, and Old Japan lives in dramatic traditions of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." In the little shops one finds queer little dried and polished crabs with strange markings for sale. They are brought from the eastern shore and are called chieftain or dragon's head. Once upon a time, so the story runs, two powerful clans were at war, one of which was led by a warrior of such resistless daring and skill that the opposing clan was annihilated. As the slain or drowning men sunk in the water their spirits assumed these strange shapes, and the fury or agony of the

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death struggle is visible in the faces and on the backs of the crabs. The superstition is a curious survival of the impression made on the minds of the common people by the fierceness and ferocity of a fight which became a synonym for the courage of despair and the cruelty of maddened victors.

Japan was well supplied with Emperors at the time: two were in retirement, and two, who were boys of six or eight, were claimants of the throne, each supported by a fighting clan. After various vicissitudes, one of the Imperial boys was taken for safety to the island of Kyushu. The fugitives were pursued and overtaken by their enemies in the strait not far from Shimonoseki, and one of the fiercest naval battles in the history of Japan was fought with a desperation which has invested it with the fascination of a kind of elemental fury. If tradition is to be trusted, twelve hundred vessels were engaged in fierce hand-to-hand conflicts. The Emperor Antoku—the "little Emperor," as he is affectionately called, a boy of six—was in one of the vessels of his supporters, the Taira clan, whose vessels were crowded with women and children. These vessels were very small, and the men fought at short range with spears and swords and bows and arrows. The battle was a series of fierce duels, and abounded in dramatic incidents which story-tellers and painters have embellished with imaginary as well as real horrors.

At the critical moment, when the losing clan, outnumbered by their foes, were fighting with the desperation of those who are bent only on exacting the highest price for their lives, one of their leaders turned traitor and went over to the enemy. The "little Emperor" was accompanied by his mother and several ladies of the Court, with the imperial regalia. The traitor made this known to the leader of the victorious clan, who instantly formed a plan to isolate the vessel which carried this precious party and capture it. When it became clear that the battle was lost and that they were to fall into the hands of the victorious clan, the Emperor's mother seized the sacred sword and plunged into the water. The boy Emperor, who did not understand the confusion about him, asked the Court lady who was his attendant why they did not go to the palace. Telling him that they were going to a very beautiful palace, she took the child in her arms and sprang into the sea with him. The tragedy, which made a deep and painful impression on the people, is commemorated by a monument on a ledge of rocks in the channel. The sword was recovered many years afterward, and is reverently preserved in a temple on the hillside, from which one looks down on the water in which it sank.

During the troubled times that followed the opening of Japan to the world the strait was the scene of one of those outbursts of old-time antagonism against foreigners which were inevitable incidents in a change of the policy of nearly three centuries. The Shogun had signed a treaty of amity with the United States, but the Court of the Mikado was still bent on keeping up the historic policy of seclusion, and there were many adherents of this policy among the daimios or feudal chiefs. Among these was the daimio of Choshu, the province which borders on the strait on the north, who threw up batteries on the shores and put vessels of war on guard. In June, 1863, acting on his own initiative, or possibly at the instigation of the anti-foreign party that surrounded the Mikado at Kyoto, this daimio fired on a small American trading-ship. No damage was done, but later a French gunboat sustained serious injury, and a Dutch ship of war, attempting to pass through the strait, was subjected to a heavy fire from the daimio's vessels and batteries, and vigorously responded.

The Shogun's government was powerless to enforce the treaty which it had signed, and an American man-of-war that lay in the harbor of Yokohama was promptly sent to the scene of action, where a French frigate shortly joined her. These vessels, acting independently, silenced some of the batteries and sunk several ships. The hostile acts of the daimio of Choshu were disavowed by the Shogun, but claims for damages were promptly made; and, although the Shogun's treasury was on the verge, if not over the edge, of bankruptcy, and the American vessel had escaped without injury, an indemnity was secured by the American Minister. The Shogun was unable to force his powerful subordinate to comply with the demand of the foreign governments that the strait should be cleared of obstructions, and what has been called the "Shimonoseki Expedition," consisting of sixteen English, French, and Dutch war-vessels and one steamer chartered for the occasion by the United States, was sent to the strait. It speedily reduced the forts to silence by a vigorous bombardment, which incidentally inflicted serious

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injury on many people who were innocent pawns in a losing game played by a recalcitrant daimio who did not know that he was measuring strength with the combined power of the West in alliance with scientific methods and forces of which Japan had just begun to have some knowledge.

The foreign Powers had cause for irritation, and a display of force was probably necessary to bring an ignorant and obstinate daimio to a recognition of the fact that Japan was no longer closed to foreign intercourse; but their treatment of the Shogun's Government was neither intelligent nor fair. The foreign governments failed to recognize the difficulties which the Shogun faced in the confusion of a revolutionary period forced upon the country by foreign interference, and they exacted an indemnity of three million dollars for damages and expenses, of which the United States, France, and the Netherlands were to receive one hundred and forty thousand dollars for actual damage sustained; the remainder was to be divided between the four Powers which united in the expedition. Twelve thousand dollars had already been collected by the American Minister for imaginary damages suffered by the American vessel first fired upon. It was not a creditable transaction to the foreign governments which took part in it, and it is a great satisfaction to remember that public sentiment in the United States condemned the share taken by our Government, and in 1883 Congress returned to Japan the amount received as indemnity. This fund, amounting to nearly eight hundred thousand dollars, was expended in building the great breakwater in the harbor of Yokohama, which not only affords protection against the furious storms which sweep the coast during the semi-tropical summer, but is a permanent memorial of the friendship of the United States for a country which it took the great responsibility of opening to the world.

All this happened fifty years ago, and one sees in the wide landscape to-day only evidences of a "far-flung battle-line" of international trade relations. The latest historical event of importance was the signing of the treaty of peace between Japan and China in 1895 in a tea-house surrounded by flowers on the hillside overlooking the westward channel. In a room in which pleasant luncheons are pleasantly served Li Hung-chang and Prince Ito held many conferences, and finally agreed upon terms of peace between two countries which have so many interests in common that they must come into very close relations in the near future.

There is perhaps no place in Japan in which one gets such a realizing sense of the international relationships of modern Japan and of the expansion of its rule. Well-appointed and attractive steamships sail every day across the channel to Fusan, the southern port of Korea, ten hours distant across the channel; lines on the maps sweep the seas north and south from the entrance to the strait and bring within the vision the coast-lines of Asia and of groups of islands in the mysterious distance of the Pacific; while American and European "liners" at anchor in mid-stream bind the ends of the earth together in the community of mutual interests and common activities which predict the greater neighborliness of the future.

A QUESTION OF CASTE

BY MARGARET L. G. BLANTON

UNCLE DAVE reached out a long, bony, brown hand and "shooed" away a honey-bee about to light on the strawberries that we were capping. It was Sunday morning, and the white folks were "helping out."

"Yes, suh," said he, picking up the thread of conversation with the expert skill of a society leader where it had been interrupted by Pottum bringing more berries from the garden; "yes, suh, dem was great days in Californy! You see, me an' Becky, we wus de ovahseeahs on de place, an' I had a lot moah to do besides. Hit was one uf dem swell city places wid a lawn mos' big as Miss Alene's flower gyarden, an' hit sholy took a heap uf men fawh to keep her to suit Mistah Jackson. He was sho partic'lar! Dey was white men too, don' you fogit, an' old Dave, he was des de whites' one uf de

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bunch! Naw, suh, it wa'n't 'Uncle Dave' out dah; it wus 'Mistah Little,' an' I ain't allow no familyarity neither!

"Well, one mawnin', about nine 'clock, Mistah Jackson done call me to 'im an' say: 'Mistah Little, yoah wife don' look lak she feelin' none too well, an' I reckon we ain't anxious fuh huh to bre'k down. I think she need a ress. I got a new paih uf kerrige hawses out on de fawhm, an' since dey needs to be look' after a little, I'll sen' a man what know somp'in' about hawses out to look 'em ovah. You go tell Mrs. Little to put some one in huh place an' you an' she ketch de ten-thutty train fawh Tillville.'

"I guess dem was 'bout de fines' hawses dat I evah seen, Mistah Hirum; but den I'm sech a fool 'bout Californy dat I ain't got right good sense, so Becky says. I done look 'em up, en' look 'em down, an' kain't fin' no flaw in um nowhares. I sholy wus jus' natchully pinin' to get my han's on de lines dat wus tied to um!

"All dat time Becky, she bin pullin' at my coat-tail sayin' 'at it's dinner-time an' we got to git back to town. Well, de house it set lak dis un here, an' de yahd whah de hawses wus wus lak whah de spring-house is, down yandah, an' 'bout de time Becky done mighty nigh dislocate my coat offen my back I hear de man what wus in charge of de place holler down, 'Oh, Mistah Little, you an' yoah wife come in to dinnah.' I speck I done lose int'res'in dem hawses 'bout that time, yes, suh!

"Dey set us down to a mighty nice, clean table. Dey wus 'bout twelve plates set, I guess, an' not a one uf 'em been use'. When Becky see dis, she look some worrit an' chunck me in de side. 'Look here,' she say, 'maby dat man done make a mistake, an' is a-lettin' us eat befoah de white folks does!' De sweat done poah offen Becky lak a muel in de cawn-field. Dat sho is one disadvantage 'bout bein' fat as she is. Whenevah she gits axsighted she mos' gits wash away! But, laws a massy! she ain't begone compah to what she did do. It wa'n't moah den a minute till heah come a whole troop uf white folks an' sets right smack down wid us!"

Uncle Dave threw back his head and "hollered" at the recol ection.

"I guess dat wus de bess dinner I evah et, same as dey wus de bess hawses, but I sholy felt sorry fawh poah Becky! Ever' time de white folks say, 'Won' you hab some moah uf dis, awh dat, Mis-sis Little?' she mighty nigh faint, an' I see I bettah git huh outen dah, fowh she done disgrace me.

"Neber min'; I done feel sorry fawh de wrong one. De way Becky done go fawh me you'd think I wus de one what led huh into de trap, stid uf huh own greedy stummick!

"Now, Mistah Hirum, ever'body know wah Dave Little stan' on de politicks uf de day. My vote's wuth jes' as much as any othah man's. An' I gits it, too! But Becky, now, she ain't up to date in de white folks' feelin's. She jus' lay back on me twell I mos' had to carry her clean to de station, an' all de time she keep a-sayin:' 'Jess lemme home to Tennessee to raise *my* chillun! No, Dave, honey, Ah don' want no equality! Ah wants to git back wah de white folks knows how to keep deir place!'"

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THINGS FINANCIAL AND OTHERWISE IN ENGLAND

THE Financial Feeling in London is one of intense gloom. As in America, the depression seems to be psychological. As far as one can judge from statistics, there is no appreciable contraction in legitimate commercial and industrial activity or the profits derived therefrom. The prices of nearly all securities have nevertheless declined, and the factor of hope which, when expressed in speculation, makes what is called "good times" is entirely lacking. The average man "in the City," meaning the financial district, talks as if Anglo-Saxon enterprise were dead and would never recover.

To an American, who has grown used to hearing a Democratic Administration blamed for a similar state of affairs in the United States, it is amusing to observe how the Englishman is trying to find a political scapegoat for dull business on this side the Atlantic: Lloyd George and the Radicals, the

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Ulstermen, the suffragettes, and the anti-Semites in Russia are variously held responsible for a situation which is, in fact, only the natural sequence of the financial enthusiasm with which the present and future development of the world has been exploited in London and elsewhere during the past ten or twelve years. During these years the English promoters and capitalists have made heavy commitments in Canada, Mexico, South America, and Russia, and it is the securities of the companies organized to operate in these countries that have suffered the greatest depreciation, sympathetically affecting everything else.

The Englishman has come to consider the United States as financially self-contained, and he has therefore turned his attention of late to other countries less well able to supply themselves with capital. As a British colony, peopled chiefly by Englishmen, Canada made a strong appeal to him, and sight has been almost entirely lost of the fact that a Canadian population of only about seven million people, scattered over an area larger than that of the United States, could not give profitable employment to railways and other public utilities competent to serve a nation of thirty million persons.

One transcontinental railway sufficed for the United States when we had a population of thirty-seven millions. Canada has three separate lines from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and cannot possibly have thirty-seven million inhabitants for many years to come.

While the traffic per capita is, of course, much heavier than when the Union Pacific Railroad was completed in 1866, it hardly seems likely that it can during the present generation grow up to the provision that has been made for it in Canada, and the English investment in that country will doubtless prove to be a slow one. However, the money has not been wasted or stolen. For the most part it has gone into enterprises that were honestly and scientifically conceived and constructed, and will doubtless become profitable in time. In Mexico the depreciation is of course due to the political unsettlement and the revolution. The English investment in that country is both actually and relatively much smaller than in Canada, for Mexico has a population of thirteen million souls. With the restoration of an orderly government there, under the auspices of the United States, a prompt recovery in the earning power and value of Mexican securities may be expected. English sentiment is somewhat pessimistic as to the wisdom of President Wilson's policy, and will be correspondingly elated if it succeeds.

The English investment in South America, and especially in Brazil, is large. As in Canada, the money has been used chiefly to provide public utilities, such as railways, docks, electric power, and urban transportation. The Ritz-Carlton Hotel Company, for instance, has more hotels in South America than in North America, and the greatest money-spenders in London and Paris are no longer the "Americans," but the "South Americans." The present financial depression in South America and South American securities is due almost entirely to the decline in coffee and rubber. With a recovery in the value of these two articles, prosperity in South America will return, and the investments made there will seem less unpromising than at present.

The British financial interest in Russia, while not as large as that of France, is enormous. It is impossible to be very pessimistic with regard to Russia. Except for its political institutions, it is a country that irresistibly provokes optimism. Good judges say that it now has 180,000,000 inhabitants, having added 28,000,000 to its population within the past ten years. The people are, moreover, rapidly becoming more intelligent, and their earning power and needs are increasing even more rapidly than their numbers. The present depression in Russia and Russian securities is simply one of the reactions incidental to all anticipatory development, and with a recuperative power so great and natural resources so vast a very prompt recovery is almost certain.

In the British Isles themselves there is no perceptible slackening in trade. Cotton manufacturing, probably the most important single industry, is active and profitable, and ship-building, though temporarily checked, is again being resumed. The Ulster affair receives much attention in the newspapers, but in the financial world is not seriously regarded.

The market for the shares of the various companies that operate in Belfast and the vicinity is unaffected, and if the Scotch-Irishmen who live in that part of the United Kingdom are pessimistic as to the future, their political despondency has not led them to consider selling out their businesses.

England has always been a country of

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political bitterness in talk and political compromise in action, and I venture the prediction that the "Irish question," if it is ever settled, will be settled without bloodshed or any great strain upon English institutions. I tremble, however, to think what would happen in Great Britain if the Irish question were really eliminated. To an American it seems absolutely essential to normal political life in England, affording a necessary but harmless outlet for partisan vituperation.

Seriously speaking, it is not possible for the detached observer of financial affairs in England to share the despondency expressed by those who have been for months breathing the atmosphere of depression which exists there and have perhaps sustained some of the heavy losses represented by a comparison between the present and former values of the securities held in England. The liquidation seems complete, there is no longer any speculative distention in the money markets, labor is for the most part employed, and it will not be long possible to restrain the constructive enterprise of a people whose commercial imagination, coupled with practical common sense, has thus far made them the financial masters of the world.

There are, however, some political questions in England not strictly related to business, which are keenly interesting to Americans, though happily they are not as yet among those which trouble us in the United States.

The Militant Suffragettes, now generally described in England as the "Mad Women," have finally taxed John Bull's patience almost to the breaking point. The recent attempt of one of these women to make a scene before the King and Queen at a Court reception is, in the opinion of the average Englishman, about the most audacious and unpardonable performance of which they have yet been guilty, and the demand that they should be allowed to starve themselves to death in jail, if they choose to do so, is now general throughout the country. As an alternative, it has been suggested that they should all be transported to some small island, and there be allowed to form a self-governing colony of Amazons that should be the *reductio ad absurdum* of the principles for which they are contending.

It is certain that the cause of female suffrage is not being helped by the outrages now perpetrated almost daily, but the Government is plainly fearful that if one woman were allowed to starve herself to death, her martyrdom might create a popular and irresistible demand for the political recognition of women.

As yet but few influential Englishmen really believe that women should be allowed to vote. The men of Great Britain are not politically ungenerous toward women, and the indulgence with which the suffragettes have been treated shows that they are not vindictive; but the average Englishman is still of the opinion that the supremacy of the British Empire can be maintained only by force of arms, and that feminine participation in the government would emasculate the military vigor of the country when war impended.

For this reason, and for this reason only, it will probably be many years before women are allowed to vote in England except upon questions of a strictly domestic character.

For the same reason public opinion throughout the Empire is greatly disturbed over

The Uselessness of Dreadnoughts, as recently announced by Admiral Sir Percy Scott, one of the most distinguished officers of the English navy. He says:

> The introduction of the vessels that swim under water has, in my opinion, entirely done away with the utility of the ships that swim on the top of the water.
>
> The submarine causes to disappear three out of five of the functions, defensive and offensive, of a vessel of war, as no man-of-war will dare to come even within sight of a coast that is adequately protected by submarines.
>
> The fourth function of a battle-ship is to attack an enemy's fleet; but there will be no fleet to attack, as it will not be safe for a fleet to put to sea.
>
> If by submarines we close egress from the North Sea and Mediterranean, it is difficult to see how our commerce can be much interfered with.
>
> Submarines and aeroplanes have entirely revolutionized naval warfare; no fleet can hide itself from the aeroplane eye, and the submarine can deliver a deadly attack even in broad daylight.
>
> Naval officers of the future will therefore live either above the sea or under it. It will be a navy of youth, for we shall require nothing but boldness and daring.
>
> Not only is the open sea unsafe. . . . With a flotilla of submarines . . . I would undertake to get . . . into any harbor, and sink or materially damage all the ships in that harbor.
>
> What we require is an enormous fleet of submarines, air-ships, and aeroplanes, and a few fast cruisers, provided we can find a place to keep them in safety during war time.
>
> In my opinion, as the motor vehicle has

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driven the horse from the road, so has the submarine driven the battle-ship from the sea.

Sir Percy Scott's authority is undoubted, and while there are some distinguished experts who disagree with him, the weight of opinion is on his side.

The other afternoon some fifteen air-ships were flying around London at the same time; and passengers, including many ladies, are now frequently taken up at the Hendon flying grounds, which are well within the metropolitan district. Seeing this, it is not difficult to believe that water-borne ships will soon be archaic for fighting purposes, and that war between civilized nations will become impossible, because it will imply a certainty of death for huge communities rather than for a comparatively small number of soldiers and sailors. It is no uncommon thing to hear Englishmen say that it would now be possible for a German air fleet to devastate London completely by dropping innumerable bombs from a height that would leave the attacking force entirely safe.

The thought of such a dreadful visitation is certainly a great influence against war, and it begins to look as if inventive ingenuity would advance the cause of universal peace more rapidly than all of Mr. Carnegie's millions.

The Hindu Exclusion from Canada has raised a new question affecting the solidarity of the British Empire. The hunger strike of the Hindus who have not been allowed to land at Vancouver, in British Columbia, has attracted much attention in London, because it is argued that if the right of free movement throughout the Empire is denied to any British subject, the privilege of living under the English flag will become less valuable, and the centrifugal force against which the Home Government is always contending will be greatly intensified.

There is already a feeling that the loyalty of Canada is none too intense and a fear that the supineness of East Indian subjection to English rule may be impermanent. This new question is therefore an unwelcome addition to the many problems with which Parliament and the Privy Council must deal.

Were it not for the skill with which such matters have been handled in the past and the marvelous ability with which the great and heterogeneous British Empire has hitherto been held together with a minimum expenditure of governmental energy, one would be almost pessimistic as to its future as he considers its complexity. That it is what it is, and has been what it is so long, must evoke the admiration of every unprejudiced observer who has any knowledge of history or appreciates the difficulties of combining democracy and imperialism in the nice proportion thus far maintained throughout the great British Empire.

London, June, 1914.

THE SPECTATOR

IT certainly did not look like the old-fashioned magician's cave, this gray cement, many-windowed, wide-stretching building. The elevator was conventional; the office, with its low partitions and railings and busy typewriters, held no hint of wonder. Yet the Spectator, going on toward the heart of the place with the alert young manager, was advancing toward things that in the last generation would have seemed impossible dreams, and that in the Middle Ages would have established the reputation of any rising sorcerer.

Down in the basement, though, there was really a cave effect—rows of gray retort ovens, with bare-throated, bare-armed sons of Anak making and raking the incessant, white-hot fires. By strictly modern magic, each oven had a "pyrometer" that regulated its heat to a nicety. "This is where the enamel is baked after it has been poured over the electric wiring in our electric flat-irons, stove-plates, and so on," the manager explained; "and in this way the wires are inclosed and protected perfectly." Thousands and thousands of bakings go on here day after day and come out of the ovens glistening in pure white enamel, yet with hidden wires carrying the magic current without loss or danger.

"This room," said the manager, "is the testing-room. You see, each worker has a powerful microscope, and every inch of fine hair-like wire must pass beneath eight inspections before it is used under the enamel."

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There sat the experts, the wire passing from spool to spool under their microscopes, miles and miles of it—enough to stagger the imagination. After it was pronounced flawless and even, it went through a crimper (whose marcelling was rigidly perfect), and then was annealed on special electrical machines. It was as delicate and dainty as an embroidery thread, yet in its wizardry the potential strength of many men lay concealed. "Sealed heat units" these crimped wires were called, and from them nearly all the electric heating inventions are built up, from domestic flat-irons to bake-ovens for battle-ships. Rows of girls with deft fingers sat at tables shaping the wires into patterns and placing them on the steel or iron bases on a light coating of wet enamel clay, ready to have another layer of clay poured upon them before going into the ovens on great trays. "We need young, deft fingers for this," the Spectator was told, "and we find Italian girls especially good workers at it."

Grinding-wheels running five thousand feet a minute, drills, electroplating vats, and other shaping and polishing processes filled the airy rooms of the basement, strikingly different from the usual crowded factory. There was little noise and great speed, and the Spectator was not surprised to hear that scientific management was an applied ideal from ovens to office. Upstairs the results of the processes were being assembled, completed, and packed for shipment.

"This is our electric kitchen," said the guide; "a real kitchen, not just a show one. Mrs. ——, the demonstrator, prepares luncheon in here every day at noon for the office force—a practical demonstration that visitors often find convincing." Upon the kitchen table stood a plate of entrancingly browned biscuit, sole relic of the feast, which had also included chicken *en casserole*, apple pie, and coffee. The tiny room could furnish a meal for almost any number, with its electric stove side by side with a fireless cooker and its little refrigerator and dresser. Behind the stove, on one wall, and behind the dresser, on another, ran small electric switch-boards.

"This range will cook for two or for twenty-five," explained the manager, "with the current accordingly. Either the small or the large oven can be used. You can put your hand on top of the stove when it is cooking anything in the pans or pots, for the stove-plates are each on these stilts, and the current comes out only in the wires of the plate which is in actual contact with the bottom of the cooking-vessel, so that not a particle of heat is lost." The Spectator found this true, for when a saucepan was merrily simmering away on its three-stilted plate, six inches above the surface of the stove, the stove itself was as cool as if no cooking were going on. All along the front ran a row of switches of the "three-heat" kind. When the current does not need to be turned on full, it can be regulated to "medium" or "low" by these switches, thus economizing heat still more thoroughly. The Spectator thought of the ordinary kitchen on hot July days, when even the gas stove is an offense, and felt that here was a housekeeper's friend indeed.

"With a stove like this, and an electric fan in the window, the kitchen can be kept as cool as the parlor," said the attendant wizard. "Then this electric iron"—he indicated a shining instrument with extension cord and pockets—"is also practically without heat, except at the point of contact with the clothes. An electric iron gives three thousand work hours a year continuous efficiency." Housekeeping seemed to develop into one grand, sweet song as he continued. "And then, of course, our electric radiators for heating a house remove all necessity for a furnace. No coal, no ashes, no furnaceman, no banking of fires at night or getting up to make them in the morning. The heat can all be regulated by a switch-board, and the house kept at any temperature desired."

"Lead me to it!" cried the Spectator, who had wrestled with a succession of heaters for long, long years, and had found them all greedy, insatiable, and treacherous, whether they be of the hot-air, hot-water, or steam variety. The wizard led the way to a room in which the workmen were busy testing a lot of radiators destined to heat a grammar school in the West—that progressive land where all the new Yankee inventions gladden life years before the Yankees themselves put them in use. The radiators were low, unobtrusive, and of a light, lattice-like construction. Set in a room, each with its switch or

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connected through a small switch-board, they could be turned on and off and regulated as to heat at will. "For a long while electric heating has been debatable because of expense," said the manager. "We could not maintain that it would be as cheap as steam or hot air where current was six to ten cents per kilowatt-hour. But now that many towns and cities have municipal electric plants, or rates fixed by a public utilities board, and householders can get current at five cents a kilowatt-hour and below, we are able to recommend electric radiators as not only perfect, but also cheap."

Shoshone, Idaho—happy home of the blest—has three-cent current, for example, generated by Shoshone Falls. All Shoshone, the wizard informed the Spectator, is run electrically—heated, lighted, vacuum-cleaned, and electric-motored. Think of manufacturing plants run without coal or steam, churches, schools, and homes heated, lighted, and cleaned by electricity. Shoshone, when it mourns (if it ever needs to under such blissful conditions) cannot mourn in dust and ashes, for it would not have enough of either. Still contemplating Shoshone, the Spectator followed his guide through a display of countless inventions, all ready to be connected to the nearest switch. Here were electric glue-pots being "assembled" in this corner, and electric soldering outfits in that. Here were electric sterilizing-tanks for up-to-date dentists and doctors to install in their offices. Here were melting-pots and sealing-wax pots, embossing heads for printing, electrically heated, japanning and lacquering ovens, laundry rolls, kettles for heating pitch and paraffin, shoe machinery, and two-hundred-gallon electric boilers for supplying hot water for baths in apartment-houses, institutions, etc. Here were tiny electric coils for heating a baby's bottle, and large electric water-heating tanks warranted to raise their contents to any desired temperature in any desired time. That is the fascination of electricity—that it is so perfectly under control, so completely harnessed a genie of the "Arabian Nights."

"Uncle Sam's battle-ships are ordering these bake-ovens," the Spectator was told. Three hundred loaves at a baking was the capacity of the neat, shining affairs that the workmen were putting together. Near by was a battle-ship cooking-range, very compact, waiting only to be crated and shipped. "It seems a drop, perhaps, to electric curling-irons," said the manager; "but for number and steady demand the battle-ships are not in it with the ladies!" The electric heating-pad, which "dates" the hot-water bag, as the hot-water bag has dated the archaic hot brick, is another "best seller," and no wonder! It has, besides its advantage of steady, unfading temperature, the regulating device of "high," "medium," and "low," so that it can be tempered to suit the most exacting invalid.

But the breakfast-table appliances, or those by which individuals or small households can cook everything on the dining-table itself, attracted the Spectator most of all. A toaster on one side of the plate, a coffee percolator at the other, a saucepan in front—each on its three insulating neat legs, so that the tablecloth is perfectly safe—and the lone flat-dweller can cook a breakfast and eat it hot, without needing even a kitchenette. Besides these appliances *de luxe*, the chafing-dish hides its diminished head or goes and gets electrified itself, so as to compete on equal terms. There was one miniature combination in which a saucepan fitted on one end and a coffee-pot on the other, and either could be slid off to make room temporarily for toasting on the heated metal foundation that was calculated to make even a hall bedroom happy. One "traveler's joy" was a coffee percolator that fitted inside a saucepan, so that both or either could be used in any room having electric-light sockets (summer hotels please notice). Waffle-irons, griddles, and broilers are also ornamental table devices, and the New England housekeeper can even have a dainty fry-kettle on the breakfast-table and serve doughnuts hot and hot.

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THE NEW BOOKS

COLONEL HIGGINSON: WRITER AND REFORMER[1]

Many readers of The Outlook will recall the "Atlantic Essays" which made them acquainted with Thomas Wentworth Higginson; essays of a literary spirit, delightfully light and finished in style, and with a certain human element that made them easy reading. No one ever gave in more condensed form better advice to ambitious young writers than Colonel Higginson put in this book; while his reminiscences of an "Old Latin Text-Book" always open the windows to a whole brood of college associations which come flying in at his bidding. He was not only a tireless and delightful writer, but he was also an extremely interesting and significant personality. The look of him, to recall a rural phrase, suggested that he had touched life at many points, and that whoever touched him would receive much in return.

He came of an ancestry distinguished for intellectual achievement, and fully sustained the tradition that may be substantiated by a casual glance under the head of "Higginson" in the encyclopædias of biography. If he had been able to concentrate his energies on the work of his pen, it is possible that he would have made a more definite impression on his generation as a man of letters; but he was a born reformer and a man of action, and he had enticing opportunities of finding every day interesting and of putting his whole energy into forms of expression that had immediate relation with and influence upon his generation. To the biography in which Mrs. Higginson commemorates the manifold activities of the many-sided life of her husband Colonel Higginson contributes no small part. He was a born writer. It was his habit to keep a record of himself, and this record was so voluminous and continuous that Mrs. Higginson has been able, in very large measure, to let him tell his own story.

He knew the Harvard College of the late thirties; he was active in the Unitarian movement of that time; he was an ardent abolitionist twenty years before the Civil War; and he was interested in suffrage for women from his early manhood. He was one of the early contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly." He was a born idealist who never in the least modified his opinions to suit the convictions of the day or to make easy relations with others. He knew nearly all the notable men of his time in literature, in education, and, to a certain extent, in public life. Lowell was one of his classmates. He was a lifelong friend of Edward Everett Hale, and he was active well on into his eighty-eighth year. He was always a teacher—a man, that is, whose convictions were not only rules for his own guidance, but were backed by impulses which made him eager to bring other people to his point of view.

After his graduation from Harvard Colonel Higginson taught in a boys' school, returned to his Alma Mater to take a course in theology, became a minister of a Unitarian congregation in Newburyport, and no sooner got into the pulpit than he proceeded to get out of it to take up general writing, lecturing, and working for factory girls. He even ran for Congress on the Free Soil ticket. His zeal in the abolition movement was influential in his leaving the pulpit, and he expressed the hope that his empty pulpit would "preach louder than a living minister." He was not only a forceful and tireless exponent on the platform and the press of the abolition movement, but he became an active agent in the underground railway, although this kind of railway experience in his case took the form of cruising up and down the coast in a yacht picking up escaping slaves. In 1854, in the famous case of Anthony Burns, an escaping slave who was arrested in Boston and confined in the court-house, Colonel Higginson was one of the rescuing party. Two years later he was in Kansas, where the fight between the supporters of slavery and its opponents was at its height. There he met John Brown, for whom he collected funds, writing to him, "I am always ready to invest money in treason." There was always a touch of the adventurer in Colonel Higginson, and a wild plan to kidnap the Governor of Virginia and hold him as a hostage for the safety of Brown appealed very strongly to him.

When the debate passed into its final stages and the Civil War began, Colonel Higginson commanded a regiment of freedmen. His career as soldier was cut short by the after-effects of the shock caused by a shell which passed very near to him. In getting out of the field he did not go out of the area of the struggle; and to the very end of his life he was always ready to respond to any appeal from a new cause and to lend his

[1] Thomas Wentworth Higginson. By Mary Thacher Higginson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

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hand to any endeavor to give what he regarded as a larger opportunity to his fellows.

His residence in Newport after the war furnished material for his delightful book "Oldport Days," and for his novel "Malbone," which very few people read nowadays, but which has a great deal of charm. Colonel Higginson was not by the bent of his nature a writer of fiction, but he had such facility and was so accomplished a penman that he could have used any form of literature with more or less success.

In London he made many friends, and was the recipient of an attention which was agreeable to him; for Colonel Higginson had a decided social gift, and on any occasion which brought people together he was personally and as a conversationalist a star performer. He had a charming voice and a very deferential and gallant manner to women, with whom he was always in great favor. Some of his characterizations of the famous Englishmen of his time are very felicitous. Gladstone, he says, has "a fine, wise, keen face, voice like Emerson's, without the hesitancy;" of Dean Stanley, when preaching, that he "looked up at the sky every few minutes, but never at his hearers," and that he "looked old and mediæval." The latter adjective would certainly have shocked the progressive and broad-minded Dean of Westminster. Of Tennyson he says that he was "quite pleasant though never exactly interesting or agreeable." Mrs. Higginson had ample material, and she has used it with discrimination, sound judgment, and good taste. She has allowed Colonel Higginson to tell his own story, and she has therefore given him the opportunity of appearing as he appeared to his friends—an opportunity which biographers often deny to their subjects or victims. Her volume will take its place with the Norton "Letters" and with "Hawthorne and his Publishers" among the books of literary reminiscence which have recently brought back the atmosphere and the quality of the most notable group of men of letters that has appeared in this country.

Latin Songs. By C. S. Brown. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

That Latin is still a living language The Outlook of April 11 showed by printing a Latin epistle from a society in New York City whose members hold converse in that tongue. Further evidence is supplied by this charming specimen of the diversions of a scholar. Even the unlearned may here be tempted to begin an acquaintance that may grow, such is the large variety of songs and music.

Here are nursery rhymes, such as "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star;" translations of popular English and German lyrics, such as Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," "God Save the King," "The Watch on the Rhine;" odes by Catullus and Horace, and by post-classical Christian poets of the fourth century and later; mediæval church hymns, such as "Stabat Mater" and "Veni Creator;" convivial and folk songs, Christmas carols, and Latin songs of the great English schools. All are set to music; eleven pages of it accompany Horace's ode "To Chloe." Those whom Latin has introduced to Greek are not forgotten: "The Lorelei" is given in German, Latin, and Greek; "The Good Comrade," in German and Greek; "The Rose in the Meadow," in Latin and Greek. So with Catullus's ode "To Lesbia;" it is given its original Greek as penned by lovesick Sappho six centuries before him.

This volume has a distinct pedagogical value. Its editor deserves the thanks of all who regard the study of Latin as a valuable constituent of a well-rounded English education. He has the distinction of having produced the one representative Latin song-book in the world.

Gray Youth. By Oliver Onions. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

That Mr. Arnold Bennett has influenced the author's method of novel-making is evident and is, we think, unfortunate. There is good work in the book and the theme is interesting, but the story drags terribly in the telling. In the main it is a satire on that species of the new woman who flits from one intellectual, art, or philosophical sensation of the day to another—eugenics, woman suffrage, emancipation for India, futurist painting, Bergson, the Montessori system, and so on. Everything that is a "cause" excites and stimulates activity. Such women—and men too, for the heroine, after many doubts about the propriety of marriage, is wed by a reformer as irresponsible as herself—know nothing thoroughly, and their passion for applying half-understood theories to life is ludicrous and pitiful. There is material for thought in the irony of the story, and it is clever in parts, but it is too diffuse and is not well knit together.

Growth of a Soul (The). By August Strindberg. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $1.25.

This book, although a work of fiction, can hardly be called a novel; it has rather the atmosphere and quality of a biography, and this impression is confirmed by the fact that there is a date at the head of each chapter. It is the story of the experiences of a young man in search of himself and his vocation. It is an interesting but by no means pleasant story;

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Strindberg's stories and dramas never are pleasant. It conveys the impression of something hard and semi-barbaric in the society and life which it describes. There is a kind of rough idealism running through it never subdued by the finer impulses nor by educational opportunities. The university life, which is described with some detail, is practically without atmosphere, and almost entirely without intellectual impulse. Its rigid conventionality and a certain tone of hard repression which runs through the book explain, in a way, the reaction of Ibsen against the artificial intellectual and social life in the Far North of a generation ago. As a study and analysis of an awkward boy who fumbles at every stage of his career, but who is driven onward by an inward impulse from occupation to occupation and from art to art, never with any clear and controlling direction, hindered by a good deal of gross dissipation, "The Growth of a Soul" has both psychological and biographical interest.

Henry of Navarre, Ohio. By "Holworthy Hall" (H. E. Porter). The Century Company, New York. $1.

What Mr. Tarkington did for the boy in his "Penrod" Mr. Porter in a measure does for the young man at college. Henry is a fine, cheerful, optimistic chap who is not too wise or good to be human and likable. His experiences in love and at Harvard are entertaining and happily related.

Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

A line of thought hitherto undeveloped is followed by Professor Jastrow—the great differences into which Hebrew traditions diverged from the Babylonian, though derived from a common source, as shown by their correspondences, to which attention has been chiefly given. The important points of divergence presented are the creation stories, the Hebrew and Babylonian Sabbath, the beliefs concerning life after death, and Hebrew ethics in contrast with Babylonian. On each of these points Professor Jastrow traces the advance of Hebrew thought from a common level with the Babylonian to the sublime height where its prophets found "the antitoxin to both the materialistic and skeptical infection of advancing civilization." The question with which we are confronted, says Professor Jastrow, is "to explain why the religious thought and practices of the Hebrews became, together with the heritage of Greek and Roman culture, the foundation structure on which the superstructure of modern civilization has been erected." The "idealism, religious and ethical," which we are pointed to as their lasting contribution to mankind is derived from "the spirit of the Infinite Himself." Nor does Professor Jastrow, a Jewish scholar, hesitate to speak of this idealism as coming to full flower in Jesus. "The new religion, which contained so much of the old, starts out weighted with the rich legacy of the past . . . to carry the message of the prophets and psalmists throughout the world." Only the main points can here be given of this richly freighted volume. It is valuable alike for the learned and the unlearned as promoting a better understanding and a higher appreciation of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Cyclopedia of Education (A). Edited by Paul Monroe, Ph.D. Vol. V. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

The present volume concludes this masterly work, which The Outlook has already highly commended. Attention may be called again to its comprehensiveness of subjects not so obviously related as most others to the history, theory, and practical interests of education. Such are the articles on scarlet fever, tonsils and tonsilitis, tuberculosis, telepathy. So also public service, seamanship, and the secretarial profession are included as special fields of education. The same comprehensiveness appears in the articles on school savings banks, story-telling, and supernormal children. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, a Church of England society founded in 1701, is introduced as having done the foremost work for education during our Colonial period. The article on telepathy seems biased by a prejudice that does not give adequate recognition to equally high scientific authority on the other side.

Rise of the American People (The). By Roland Greene Usher, Ph.D. The Century Company, New York. $2.

Somebody, in a moment of ill-advised enthusiasm, recently likened Mr. Usher's work to that of Carlyle. No comparison could be more out of place. Carlyle's fundamental belief as a historian was in the primacy of the human element—of great men—in the shaping of the course of history. Mr. Usher, on the opposite, stresses the influence of inanimate forces—of climate, economic conditions, and so forth. To him the human element as a determining factor is of comparatively small account. This, indeed, is the attitude of all "scientific" historians of the present day, and they will doubtless find much to applaud in Mr. Usher's presentation of, for example, the "causes" of the American Revolution, wherein he emphasizes economic considerations and minimizes the force of the instinct for freedom of expression and action considered by itself. On his showing, the Revolution was virtually without justification. We confess that we are old-fashioned enough to prefer the Carlylean doctrine of great men, and to deplore the present tendency in history writing of which this is an example—albeit an example far more picturesque and readable than is afforded by the works of

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most historians of the so-called scientific school.

Behind the Veil at the Russian Court. By Count Paul Vassili. The John Lane Company, New York. $4.50.

Years ago volumes of gossip—mostly Court gossip—appeared written by one "Count Paul Vassili." After the lapse of a long period we have another volume from the person who writes under this name. We are now informed concerning the Russian Court. Whoever the writer may be, it must be owned that he knew a great deal about the different European capitals. We learn that he held an important post at the Russian Court, that he passed away a few months ago, that his greatest interest in life had been to commit to a diary all that he saw or heard, and that his diaries reached from the time of the Crimean War to the present year. Their contents are now given to the public. The resultant volume is, like the others from the same author, very anecdotal. Yet anecdotes may constitute history. Those in this volume throw some light upon the course of the Russian Empire; indeed, in order to understand that Empire one should understand the Russian Court. The writer begins his study with Nicholas I, who died in 1855. He then, of course, considers Alexander II, the emancipator of the serfs in 1861. Alexander died in 1881, and was succeeded by Alexander III, who died in 1894. Then comes, of course, Nicholas II. The author's opinion would seem to be that the present reign has been more of a failure than was that of any of the Emperor's immediate predecessors. The critic draws a gloomy picture of Nicholas, showing him to be a selfish and impassive monarch. More than this, we have an account of the successive Dumas, from which it is made to appear that the Emperor may have kept his promise technically to give a popular Parliament to the Russian people, but that really he has not done so. We read:

> When the phantom of Constitution under which Russia is supposed to live to-day was promulgated, some simple souls imagined that a great step was taken towards solving many social problems, but I do not think that there is at present in existence a single person who still fosters that illusion. The last elections have proved that when a government wants to crush every manifestation of public opinion it can do so. The present—the fourth—Duma is composed exclusively of supporters of the Cabinet; at least, its majority is strong enough to prevent any measure proposed by the Opposition passing through.

The result of all this is, according to the author, that discouragement prevails everywhere in Russia, that "no one expects or hopes anything," that "every one grows indifferent and gives his thoughts and attention to frivolous subjects, waiting with apathy for the cataclysm which is bound to come."

Real Billy Sunday (The). By Elijah P. Brown, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

This is a highly interesting book. It should be purchased by collectors of Americana as likely to have a unique interest for posterity. Present-day readers will probably regard the book and its hero as a phenomenon the like of which has never yet appeared in this country and may never be duplicated. Whatever the curious would like to know of the whirlwind evangelist and his family is related, even to his neckties and his shaving himself with a poor razor. His campaigns and their success in winning a quarter of a million converts are put on record with unimpeachable testimony, with specimens of his sermons and his epigrammatic sayings. The only point of reticence is the evangelist's philanthropic use of the great total of the free-will offerings poured into his hands. On the title-page Dr. Brown identifies himself as "Ram's Horn Brown." The style and tone of his book comport with his sobriquet, and it is copyrighted by his hero. Whatever be thought of the Rev. Dr. Sunday's idiosyncrasies, it is indisputable that he has achieved results extraordinarily good and on a large scale.

Writings of John Quincy Adams. Vol. III. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

The letters and other papers of one who was an able diplomat and publicist a century ago are valuable for the sidelights they throw on contemporary history, domestic and foreign. The period covered by the present volume (1801–1810) witnessed the aggressions on our flag which two years later provoked war with England. Mr. Adams during this period served as State Senator in Massachusetts, then as United States Senator, then was again sent on foreign service as our Minister to Russia. He also served for a time as Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard. As a member of the Federal party, whose star was then declining, he was a forerunner of the Republican "mugwumps" in 1884. His strictures on features of our domestic politics touch evils that still persist.

Japan's Message to America. Edited and Compiled by Naoichi Masaoka. Tokyo, Japan.

This small, compact volume presents a series of short papers by well-known Japanese discussing various aspects of Japanese life, sentiment, achievement, and feeling towards America. Among the contributors are Count Okuma, the Prime Minister; Viscount Kaneto, who is well known in this country; Baron Shibusawa, one of the chief leaders of modern Japan in all movements looking to the betterment of conditions in that country and to friendly international relations; Mr. Ozaki, one of the leaders of the Radical party and a member of the present Ministry; Baron Sakatani, the Mayor of Tokyo; Dr. Soyeda, who visited this country as a representative of the Boards of Trade in Japan; Dr. Harada, President of Doshisha, the Christian University in Tokyo; and other Japanese of prominence and influence. The editor was one of the newspaper correspondents who accompanied the Japanese Ambassador to the Portsmouth Conference. He has had an

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unusual opportunity of studying conditions in this country at first hand, and of informing himself especially with regard to American sentiment towards the Japanese. It is the purpose of this book to make Americans more familiar with Japanese sentiment and with the Japanese people. Those who have had the opportunity of studying the situation are of opinion that America is better known in Japan than Japan is in America. Such a book as this has therefore its obvious and important uses.

Columbia. By Frederick Paul Keppel. Oxford University Press, New York. $1.50.

Unlike many historical books about colleges, Dean Keppel's "Columbia" is not only carefully written but very interesting. It shows a sense of proportion and envelops the subject in a vital atmosphere. Columbia has had a fairly long history among American institutions, and reflects very distinctly the different stages in the evolution of higher education in this country.

Founded as King's College in 1754, various ecclesiastical or sectarian disputes gathered around the young institution which are not told in detail but lightly indicated, so to speak. Out of these discussions Columbia issued, freed from the opprobrium of being in any sense a church institution, its ancient affiliation with the Protestant Episcopal Church having in no sense limited its freedom of action as an institution of learning. The last quarter of a century has seen an extraordinary development in the history of the college. During that time it has passed from a small college with three loosely related professional schools, all inadequately housed, to the very ample and impressive housing on Morningside Heights. Beginning on College Place, its middle period, so to speak, was represented by its stay at Madison Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, whence, during the presidency of Dr. Low, it was transferred to one of the most commanding positions within the city of New York. Its few hundred students had become in 1913 nine thousand three hundred and seventy-nine; and it has passed from local and sectarian traditions to the position of a cosmopolitan university with an endowment of about fifty-four million dollars and an increasing hold on the interest of the metropolis. This story Dean Keppel has told with good taste and animation; and his book will be enjoyed, not only by graduates of Columbia, but by all who are interested in the progress of higher education and in university life in this country.

Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph (The). By Francis Gribble. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.75.

The news that the aged Austrian Emperor has been ill calls attention to his long reign and to its significance in history. By a timely coincidence Mr. Gribble's biography appears just at this time. At any time it might command attentive reading. It will now doubtless receive special attention. Yet, from both political and personal standpoints, it is a disappointing book. In it the student of European history will find little of the information most necessary to him, while, on the personal side, the accounts of scandal seem to occupy disproportionate space, even if the annals of no royal house are richer in eccentricities—to use a somewhat conservative word—than are those of the House of Habsburg. The author certainly deals frankly with the idiosyncrasies of certain members of that house.

As to the life of the Emperor, the author of course disclaims any full and final presentation. But even the gossip in the present volume contributes something towards a better understanding of the trials which have come to Francis Joseph. It hardly explains, however, why the Austrians and Magyars and all the other many peoples who make up the Dual Empire have regarded the Emperor as a fit emblem not only of Imperial unity but of personal strength.

Fortunately for Europe, Francis Joseph's reign has been longer than that of any other modern monarch except Louis XIV. What will become of Austria-Hungary when the Emperor dies? Mr. Gribble considers the inevitable onslaught of both Rumania and Servia in order to win back the Rumanians and Serbs now included in the Dual Empire. He specially considers the Slav danger, accentuated as it would be by this Serb onslaught, for the Slavs are now practically in a position to demand that the Dual Empire shall be changed into a Triple Empire, the third of the trinity to be a Slav state. In its wider aspect the real rivalry of the Europe of to-day is, as Mr. Gribble says, the rivalry between Teuton and Slav. And that rivalry has its origin "not merely in conflicting material interests but in fundamental antipathies of character."

Sower Went Forth (A). Sermons by Thomas William May Lund. Selected and Arranged by Gerald H. Randall. B.D., Litt.D., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.60.

Taken up by the reader with small expectation in his ignorance of the preacher, this volume is laid down with admiration. These short sermons, free from any trace of narrowness, touch no theme without adorning it, and breathe the spirit that glorifies the commonplace, the intensely practical religion that is thought and action for the uplift of individual and social life. Here with sermons on Our Heredity in Christ and the Power of His Resurrection are others on Marriage, Motherhood, Childhood, and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" (an erring woman in a theatrical play), with one on Humor and one on Letter-Writing. A parish priest, Mr. Lund was none the less active in civic interests. The lasting impression of his life in Liverpool is shown by the undenominational effort now making there to raise a memorial fund for the benefit of poor teachers.

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THE READER'S VIEW

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

In The Outlook of May 30 appeared a criticism of the Associated Press by Mr. Gregory Mason.

The gist of this criticism, as I understand his article, is:

First, that the services of the Associated Press should be open to all applicants.

Second, that the Associated Press is (quoting an unnamed "high-salaried officer of the Associated Press") organized under New York laws as a "Fish and Game Club," and, as Mr. Mason remarks, "the act of New York under which the Associated Press is incorporated was no more intended to be a cloak for a commercial concern of monopolistic tendencies than the Sherman Law was intended to be a commentary on the Ten Commandments."

As to the first point, Mr. Mason is certainly entitled to his opinion, and I assume that those of us who venture to think otherwise are similarly privileged.

It is significant that, although Mr. Mason enumerates three news services that are voluntarily conducted on lines that apparently meet his approval—and have for many years been so conducted—it is still essential to his complete happiness that the Associated Press should abandon its former organization, which has been up to this time reasonably successful; perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say, as successful as those conducted on the lines favored by him.

Mr. Mason to the contrary, I still believe that it is entirely proper for newspapers to associate themselves together in a co-operative, non-profit-making organization to exchange news with each other, to gather news for their joint benefit, and to determine for themselves who they will admit to membership in their organization.

I think the public interests are better protected in this form of organization than in a privately owned and controlled news service.

The second criticism of Mr. Mason is practically that the Associated Press is improperly organized under its present form.

In discussing the law and the Associated Press for the benefit of the readers of The Outlook, it would seem to be desirable that Mr. Mason should have some knowledge of either the law or the Associated Press—and preferably of both.

As a matter of fact, the Associated Press is not organized as a Fish and Game Club.

It is organized under the Membership Corporation Law of New York, and that law specifically refers to press associations.

Not only is the Associated Press properly organized under the Membership Corporation Law, but the additional fact is that this is the only law under which it could have been organized in New York, save as a stock company for pecuniary profit.

Mr. Mason's suggestion that the act of New York under which the Associated Press is organized was not intended to be "a cloak for a commercial concern of monopolistic tendencies" has a fine sound and is true.

So far as I know, this is true also of every other law providing for corporations.

And, so far as the Associated Press is concerned, the last thing that is wished is that it should be a monopoly, or that it should be provided with a cloak to accomplish that end.

FRANK B. NOYES (President).

The Associated Press,
Washington, District of Columbia.

[Although, as Mr. Noyes fails to recognize in his letter, The Outlook accompanied Mr. Gregory Mason's article and criticism of the Associated Press with an article in defense of the Associated Press by Mr. George Kennan, putting both under a common title, we print above another defense of the Associated Press, in spite of the fact that, in view of Mr. Kennan's article, it might be regarded as either superfluous or inadequate. Of course a rejoinder to this letter could easily be made; but we do not believe in making the Associated Press a subject for a debate in our columns.—THE EDITORS.]

THE TRUSTS AND THE LABOR QUESTION

Let me thank The Outlook for the masterly article published in the June 13 number on "Trust Laws and Labor." Like many another of your readers, no doubt, I have read all I could find to read in the daily press on these two provisions in the so-called anti-trust bills. These provisions have been denounced by most of the great dailies as attempts to give special privilege to labor unions and farmers; great names are quoted in support of these fierce attacks, and part of the press, as you know, goes so far as to heap scorn on the lower house at Washington for the unanimous vote by which these measures lately passed that assembly. Since practically none even of the best speeches made in Washington are printed in these papers for our instruction, how is the public to know the reasons its representatives have had for their support or opposition to vitally important legislation such as this? We are expected to form our judgment at the bidding of the press, and that press again and again, as in this case, too plainly shows by its bias that it is still controlled to a most unsafe and unfair extent by capitalists and anti-labor influences. This state of things is to-day highly dangerous because utterly immoral. The wage-earning class are being educated to feel, and have good reason to

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feel, that their aims are misstated in the great dailies, or not stated at all.

To win a hearing from the other classes in the community, to gain what they believe is their due, they are forced by this conspiracy of silence or of slander to use other methods than those of open democratic appeal to the intelligence and fair-mindedness of the public.

Their own labor press inevitably grows more and more bitter and partisan. Their pressure on individual politicians grows in severity and secrecy.

Nowhere have I found a statement of the case for these exemptions, clear, cogent—and to me it seems unanswerable—as in your article. It clears the air. Defects there may be in the phraseology of both these provisions of exemption, but there is none in their manifest intention; that intention being to render the law consistent with admitted changes in industrial conditions, with the laborer's right to be a man and no longer a mere commodity.

When the laws we live under were made (many of them), people had been taught to believe that labor was merchandise, and as such must be treated; that labor was a commodity to be sold, as slaves were sold, to the highest bidder.

There are still among us some good but backward-minded men who let others do their thinking, and so still accept the old formulas as to the relations of capital and labor.

A great thinker said, "It is the most difficult task in the world to prove to nonsense that it is nonsense." And the backward-minded men are not seemingly open to reason. But these men are a dwindling number, and their theory of the rights of property is as surely doomed by the growing moral consciousness of mankind as was, fifty years ago in this country, the theory of man's right to enslave his fellow.

New York. W. S. RAINSFORD.

AS VIEWED FROM BELOW

[The following letter is a discussion of unemployment, the unemployable, and the unemployed. It comes to us from a man who signs himself, quite frankly, "Dan Kent, Tramp." Mr. Kent is a believer in a philosophy of spending which has to-day fewer adherents than it has had at any time in the past.—THE EDITORS.]

I am a gentleman of leisure of the class not too well beloved in this country—a tramp. I have not always been a tramp; few of the cult have. Step by step, down the terrible ladder which sociologists only peer at, through depths of degradation and misery whose darkness they view from above, I have descended. They study and surmise—all honor to those worthy men—but I know. I have been there.

Were I to ask you—you who sit in comfortable homes, whose morrows are provided for, whose families are in no danger of want—were I to ask you, "What is a tramp?" this would be your answer:

"A lazy, shiftless fellow who begs at my back door the product of my labor, who waits but his chance to steal or murder, a thing for women to shrink from and children to insult."

Such he too often is when hope is dead, self-respect dead, and he has become, not man, but beast. Yet, oh, my fellow-man whom the world has treated better than me, can you imagine what lies between that wretch and his lost self—the humiliation, the bitter defeat, the hell of degradation through which he traveled before he became the beast you loathe and turn from?

But let him alone; he is dead—all of good in him killed by what he has passed through. Let alone also the thing that drink has made. All classes, from highest to lowest, have their outcasts. I speak for the great body of tramps, for us who have not totally given up, but still prefer work to idleness, who hang on even yet to a few shreds of hope, to a few atoms of self-respect, and cling desperately to the edge of respectability even in our degradation. For such I answer the question, What is a tramp? A workingman out of work. Out of work—there you have it, the first move toward trampdom. Out of work! Do you know what it means? Out of bread, out of hope, cast aside from the struggle of life to sink into beggary. To any man the situation is one of horror; to one with a dependent family it is calamity.

Out of work—that is our starting-point. At first we seek in our own community. We find no opening. We go to another; still no place for us. We keep up the fruitless search from town to town, growing shabbier daily, thereby lessening our chances. When money for railway fare is gone, we take to our feet. When totally penniless, we seek your back door.

Again and again we go, urged by fierce necessity, until the shame wears off and we do not care. We have stepped down again. When shame is gone, when self-respect is dead, evil develops. With no incentive to be good, with every hand against him, strong indeed is he who resists temptation. From the tramp who under more favorable circumstances might have been an honorable citizen the criminal is apt to evolve. It is the last step in the descent and the easiest.

How many would come from such a test with morals unscathed? Stripped of the good opinion of fellow-men, urged on by dire necessity, fallen so low that to fall lower is impossible, with nothing to lose and much to gain—would you?

There are born tramps, I will admit it, but their number is few. Those whom I have known were of beggar ancestry, and the beggars had been at one time respectable people out of work. Nor, as those who have been among us

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can testify, are we of the road all from the lower classes. There are educated men among us, and talented men. Misfortune does not select her victims discriminately. I have known one wanderer whose grandfather had been a millionaire manufacturer, another who boasted a college education; and these are not isolated instances.

But come he from rich or from poor, from great or from humble, a tramp he is and a tramp he will remain unless by some good fortune he finds employment. If he does not find it, in nine cases out of ten the time will come when he ceases to desire it.

Should not something be done for him? Can anything be done for him? From the ranks let me answer.

For the seasoned tramp-criminal, nothing; for him who comes to your door bold-faced and blind to the wood-pile, little; for the honest man seeking work, much. But the place for assistance lies further back. It is for the man whom misfortune is pushing off the last step that most can be done. Is it the rich man's place to do it? I do not know, nor do I care. I do not condemn the millionaire for my position; I do not condemn the Government. Ethical and sociological questions interest me not at all. To my mind one thing is plain, one only: I want work; my fellows want work. The world owes us a living if we are willing to labor. Those of us who are not are unworthy perpetuation. Our one need is employment. We ask work, not bread; we do not want bread unless we earn it. Not one self-respecting citizen among the poor but will tell you that. Yet we may be forced to take the bread of other men's earning, to beg it at their kitchen doors, and eat it (we who are not altogether hardened) in bitter humiliation—hunger is a greater force than pride.

At best what can charity do? Relieve temporarily, that is all. Its effect is not permanent and its general tendency is pernicious. In reality, it increases the class that for the good of the country should be eliminated, by killing their pride and turning them to beggars even faster than misfortune unassisted can.

The Government which provides poorhouses and similar institutions fosters beggars. Is it possible to do otherwise? It seems to me it is. Viewing it from my standpoint, it looks certain that the same money used to provide work would bring better results. It should not be unnecessary work, neither should there go with it the bitter pill, This work is for you because you are poor. The simple making of sufficient occupation for all is the necessity.

If Carnegie contributes a library to a town, I rejoice. Do I want the books? No. Do I exult in the educational advantages afforded the community? No. It is the work created that pleasures me. The masons, the carpenters, the day laborers, rush forward with eager hands and high hopes. Ah, the magic of that word work among the unemployed poor!

Here, then, is the real good of such benevolences—the work supplied.

Give us plenty such, and we will provide our own books, see that our children are fed, clothed, educated, and by our present labor build not only your buildings but also the future Nation.

Carnegie's libraries, Rockefeller's colleges, and similar benefactions have their value, doubtless, but, aside from the work they provide, they are valueless to the really poor. Education is an incalculable advantage, but bread is a necessity. We whose life-work is a desperate fight for the necessity find little time for the advantage.

For that reason I, with the rational men of my class, rejoice at any great expenditure of money made by the wealthy. I admit that this is not always so with the unthinking. Some curse the millionaire for spending his substance in luxurious living while his brother men starve. But the man who spends is not the curse; it is he who hoards.

Frequently one hears a millionaire eulogized because his dress and habits are plain—like common folk. Often another is cursed because he lives extravagantly. Yet a moment's thought will show that the benefactor—unconsciously so, doubtless—is he who scatters money broadcast, he who destroys that others may replace, who tears down that poorer men may rebuild.

The rich man who gives of his wealth without receiving just compensation for every dollar is degrading his country, is fostering a class of prideless beggars.

Men of wealth, if you desire to help your poorer brother, refuse to degrade him, keep your name off the charity lists, make few donations to benevolent societies; spend your money freely, keep it in circulation, let it pass from merchant to manufacturer, from manufacturer to laborer, and rest assured that it will do a thousand times more good than if given directly.

Men of mightier brain who would study our needs, I beseech you, realize we have but one need, and that is work. Say to the millionaire who is benevolently disposed: Spend your money on public buildings and similar gifts to the Nation; be a work producer. Say to the Government: Save the money now put into the almshouses and pauper maintenance; build with it great public improvements that will be of value to the country, and save a large percentage of your lower classes from poverty and crime.

DAN KENT, Tramp.

Yountville, California.

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BY THE WAY

Paris, which three years ago suffered great damage from floods that caused the Seine to overflow its banks, has now suffered from the results of a severe rainfall. Cave-ins caused the death of at least fifteen persons. The vast subway system of Paris, which honeycombs the city in every direction, is held to be responsible for the disaster. The system enables the traveler to go to any part of Paris for three cents, and is a great convenience as well as a great feat of engineering, but its construction in some parts is supposed to have been faulty.

The thirty-sixth annual Commencement of Wellesley College was signalized by the announcement that $622,000 had been paid or pledged toward the $1,250,000 which the college must raise to secure the gift of $750,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation. The largest class in Wellesley's history was graduated this year.

William A. Pinkerton, of the famous detective agency, told a convention of police chiefs recently that he regarded moving pictures, in their depiction of the underworld, as among the most insidious suggesters of evil in the country to-day, especially in their effect on boys.

High society has its crude personalities, if a story in one of the magazines is true. At a dinner given to the famous pianist Liszt, his host, Count Ludolf, right in the middle of Liszt's most exquisite playing, "said, in a loud voice, 'If any one wishes to have a game of whist, there are tables in the other room.'" Liszt, says the narrator, stopped short, but as no one moved, he consented amiably to remain at the piano. The amount of wine that had been consumed by Liszt's host on this occasion is not stated.

The Indian, according to a writer about camp life, resorts to two methods to keep warm while asleep. If it is not unduly cold, he lights a rather large fire and warms the earth, then rakes away the coals, lies down, and pulls his blanket over him. In colder weather, besides this, he heats a big boulder, covers it lightly with earth, and curls himself around it. He never wraps himself in the blanket, but uses it exclusively as a covering.

An appeal has been made to New York property-owners to allow their vacant lots to be used as playgrounds for children. Several large plots of land have already been secured for this purpose, the city agreeing to protect owners from damage to their lands. The suggestion has been made also that the floors and roofs of the vast armories scattered throughout the city should be used as playgrounds for children during the summer months.

Victims of insomnia will find comfort in an article by Frederick Peterson in the "Atlantic." "Does not," says the writer, "the growing tendency to insomnia point to a transition period from the old-time periods of mental torpor to the time when man shall be able to use his cerebral engine every hour of his brief life? Need we worry about insomnia? Perhaps in time, by practice of ascetic economy in sleeping and eating, every one will be able to unlock those stores of reserve power described by James in his 'Energies of Men.'" This, however, furnishes no excuse for burning the candle at both ends.

The literacy of the Swedish immigrants to America is thus set forth by Professor E. A. Ross: "They bring, too, a love of letters, and I am told that most of the servant girls write verse"!

Among the "great fables of history" enumerated by Professor James Westfall Thompson, of the University of Chicago, in an article in the "North American Review" are: the burning of the Alexandrian library by Omar; the story that the preaching of Peter the Hermit fired Europe in the First Crusade; the legend of William Tell; the traditional belief as to the abuses obtaining in the Bastille; the famous Last Night of the Girondists during the Reign of Terror; the legend that mediæval Europe believed that the world would end in the year 1000.

At the biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs held in Chicago the association's laws were changed so that Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, of New York, founder of Sorosis, might be made an honorary vice-president of the organization. This was accounted a great honor to Mrs. Helmuth, whose seventy-sixth birthday was thus signalized.

Referring to a recent account in The Outlook of "A New Kind of Intercollegiate Meet"—namely, a college glee club contest in song—a correspondent writes us that on March 2 of this year, at Des Moines, Iowa, was held an intercollegiate song contest. He adds: "I believe this is the second or third year it has been held, though I am not certain of this. Grinnell, Cornell (Iowa), I think Coe, perhaps others, and a Welsh school competed. The Grinnell teams or clubs were the most polished and finished as to appearance, but the contest was won by the Welsh singers."

The dean of the New York Central's locomotive engineers, Dennis J. Cassin, will retire from the service in August, having served the road fifty-two years without a single accident.

A recent note in this department about the Cape Cod Canal inadvertently overstated the length of the Canal. The Cape is only about ten miles wide where the Canal cuts through it, and the Canal could not, of course, be sixty-eight miles long unless it were constructed somewhat on the plan of the Mississippi in prehistoric times as described by Mark Twain, when it "must have stuck out like a fishing-rod over the Gulf of Mexico."

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